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Otto Sarony Co.

VIOLA ALLEN IN HER FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "THE WINTER'S TALE"

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MME. KIRKBY LUNN as Kundry ALOIS PENNARINI as Parsifal HANNA MARA as Kundry JOHANNES BISCHOFF as Amfortas FRANCIS MACLENNAN as Parsifal

PRINCIPAL SINGERS IN H. W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL"

PLAYS and PLAYERS

AT the Hudson Theatre on Sept. 12 was produced for the first time in America a comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero, entitled "Letty." The cast was as follows:

Nevill Letchmere, Wm. Faversham; Ivor Crosbie, Ivo Dawson; Coppinger Drake, Frank Goldsmith; Bernard Mandeville, Arthur Playfair; Richard Perry, Fritz Williams; Neale, Tom Terris; Ordish, Sidney Herbert; Rugg, Wallace Widdecombe; Frederic, Henri de Barry; Waiters, Albert Cowles, John C. Tremayne; Mrs. Ivor Crosbie, Katherine Florence; Letty Shell, Carlotta Nillson; Marion Allardyce, Olive Oliver; Hilda Gunning, Julie Opp; A Lady's Maid, Margery Taylor.

A shop girl is saved by the merest accident from leading a meretricious life with a married man, whom she loves and who loves her. It is a question of modern social conditions which possibly agitates many shop girls. To be or not to be? The manner in which Mr. Pinero threshes it out should be of particular interest to maidens in that sphere of life whose bosoms palpitate in the conflict of honest sentiment and practical considerations. Pinero is anything but a preacher in his plays, but gives the "bounder" something to think about by giving him the opportunity to see himself as others see him. In the hands of one not truly great in the tricks of the stage this theme would not be mightier than the serial story made to be read over the kitchen range. But Pinero has the trick of lightness of touch. His method, in his most successful plays, is to treat everything in its aspects of gayety. Were he to write a "John Barnwell," "The Gamester," or any of the old plays that fit modern conditions, his treatment would make quite other plays of them. Some of these old plays which we may imagine the Pinero equivalents, are daubs, but they have depth or the appearance of it. Pinero may also have "depth," but never the appearance of it.

Frederick Truesdell and Dorothy Tennant in George Ade's new piece, "The College Widow"

In consequence of this characteristic, the production of his "Letty" at the Hudson Theatre lacks lightness of touch in some of its parts. Of course, a particular character may be played in many different ways and still conform to the mechanism of the action. Thus Carlotta Nillson is within her rights, as Letty, to be lachrymose and to repress half way up her throat the sobs that gurgle up from her heart, but Letchmere, as played by Mr. Faversham, is not worth such a reckless expenditure of emotion and convulsions. Nobody will deny the right of a shop girl to emotion. A constant and unvaried meagre fare of brown bread and Frankfurter sausages is almost sure to produce emotions of various kinds. Letty was at heart virtuous, and she remained so through all her vicissitudes, until she married the photographer in the last act, a third party who would have stood no chance at the opening of the proceedings.

Through four acts it is largely a question of the bill of fare. She marries the photographer in the epilogue. "The events of the four acts of the drama, commencing on a Saturday in June, transpire within the space of a few hours," runs the programme. Inside these few hours Letty is proposed to by Mandeville, the "bounder" and vulgarian, and by Letchmere, the gentleman, who is separated from his wife. Learning of Letchmere's impediment, she consents to marry the "bounder," and takes supper with

him at a fashionable restaurant, eating and drinking "hearty," runs away from him when he gets into a fight with the waiter, finds herself in the gentleman's chambers, and is about to consent to remain with him indefinitely, symbolized by letting down her back hair, when a dispatch informs him that his married sister has run off with a gentleman of his own kind. His ravings reconcile Letty to brown bread and sausages. She leaves. It was a happy dispatch.

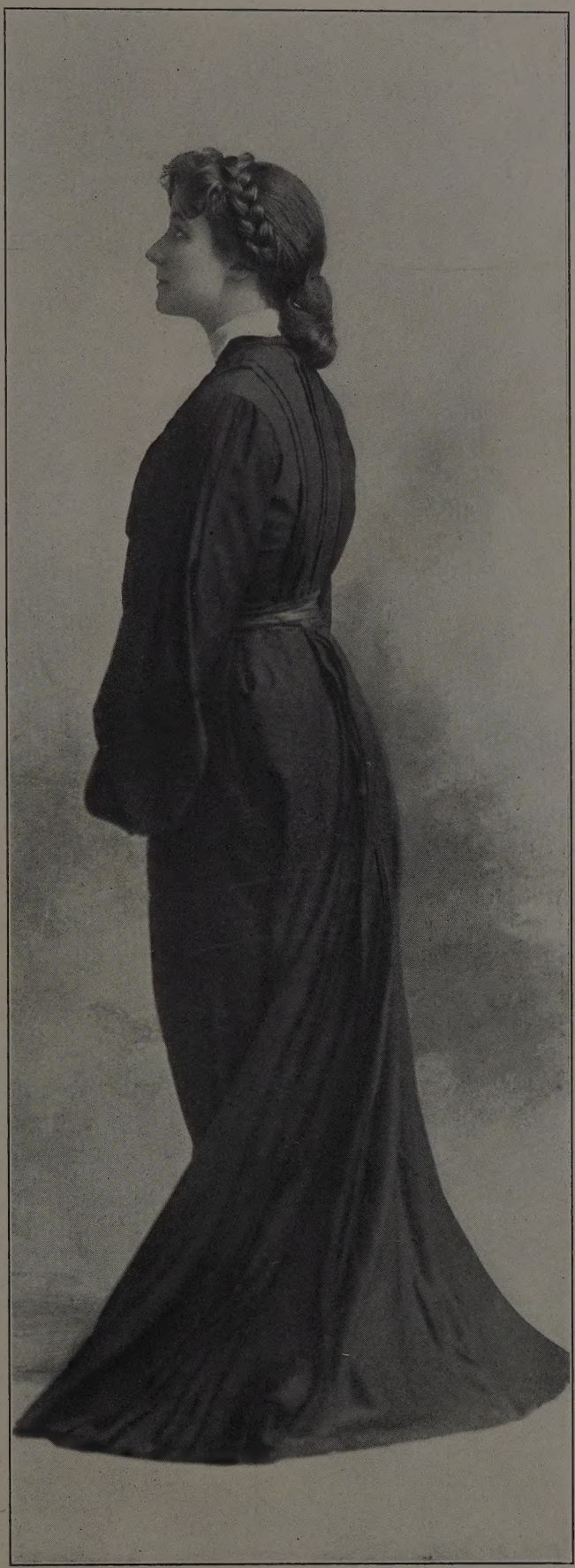
Let it not be thought that these situations are not worthy and without emotion. They have plenty of emotion, but the emotion should be taken in Pinero's way. It is not so much a moral or social question with Pinero as it is a matter of character, atmosphere and episode. In fact, these episodic and incidental characters and what they do are far more interesting than lonely Letty, who would and would not, and the gentleman who would. Arthur Playfair, the "bounder," who unhesitatingly assures his crowd that he is giving them the best feed they have ever had, was a most entertaining personator of rich vulgarity, although he exaggerated the rôle. Fritz Williams, as Richard Perry, photographer, gave his full tithe of merriment. Sidney Herbert, as the agent for an insurance company, was also excellent. Miss Julie Opp gave us the cockney shop girl and overdid it entirely. The play is much too long, and should be cut with reference to the saving quality of its episodes. Its future prosperity will depend solely upon following this advice, which is given autnoritatively on the part of its audiences.

At the New Lyceum Theatre, on September 13, was produced a comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill, entitled, "The Serio-Comic Governess." The cast was as follows:

Eileen O'Keefe, Cecilia Loftus; Alderman Maper, W. J. Butler; Robert Maper, Earl Ryder; Jack Doherty, H. Reeves Smith; Montnorency Josephs, Herbert Standing; O'Flanagan, Charles Bowser; Jolly Jack Jenkins, T. Hayes Hunter; Signor Peloni, George Le Soir; Black Diamond, Emmet Shackelford; Jennings, Frederick Reynolds; Wilkinson, Gilman Haskell; Master Hubert Lee Carter, Harold de Becker; Mrs. Maper, Eva Vincent; Mrs. Lee Carter, Kate Pattison Selten; Mrs. O'Keete, Ethel Greybrooke; Marcelle, Julia Dean; Mother Ursula, Rose Anthon; Miss Joan Lee Carter, Nesta de Becker; Bessie Bilhook, Nellie Butler; Lily St. Evremonde, Rose Hubbard; Kitty, Paula Gloy; Teresa, Margaret Kensington; Nora, Fanny Marinoff; Mintie, Kathleen Brown; Florie, Jane Boag; Biddie, Jean Hubbell; Edie, Katharine Keppell; Gertie, Nellie Campbell.

Theatregoers who have seen Miss Loftus in this piece can scarcely have been edified by the performance, even if they were entertained. Some years ago, when this exceptionally talented young artiste first exhibited her powers of mimicry, she was billed as "Cissy" Loftus, in a vaudeville turn. Since then she has matured artistically, and risen to promising achievement in important legitimate rôles with Mr. Sothern and Madame Modjeska. Naturally, therefore, the announced appearance of Cecilia Loftus as a star, in a new piece "written for the Lyceum Theatre by Israel Zangwill," awakened pleasing expectations. Alas for the disappointment! The new piece is no play at all, but simply a nondescript vehicle for the recognized accomplishments of Miss Loftus—and they are dragged in by the ears, at that. A little flicker of false sentiment here and there, and one or two explosions of misplaced melodrama, serve only to show what a clever actress is being wasted on such makeshift material.

The idea of Mr. Zangwill's curious contrivance is this: Miss Eileen O'Keefe is an Irish heiress to a mortgaged castle and some family debts. She leaves her convent to become a governess, because she needs the money. Then she discovers that, while teaching the young idea how to shoot brings her in only



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Cecilia Loftus in Israel Zangwill's new comedy, "The Serio-Comic Governess"

fifty pounds a year, she can make fifty pounds a week by being "Nelly O'Neill," the gallery boys' queen, at a London music hall. So runs the world—according to Mr. Zangwill. Eileen tries the double life, being the demure governess in black by day and the serio-comic in tights by night. Twenty-seven people, besides Miss Loftus, are employed in the sumptuous stage presentation of this futile fiction. Only one of them may be said to stand out in anything like individual characterization, and that is Eva Vincent, as Mrs. Maper of Holly Hall—a bedizened lady who has intermittent spells of cockney dialect.

At the Lyric Theatre on Sept. 17 was produced a play entitled "Taps," translated from the German drama, "Zapfenstreich," by Franz Adam Beyerlein. The cast was as follows:

Von Bannewitz, Albert Sackett; Von Hoewen, Paul Everton; Von Lauffen, Robert Loraine; Volkhardt, Mr. Kelcey; Queiss, Aubrey Noyes; Helbig, Harry M. Blake; Spiess, R. J. Struck; Micnalek, Ernest J. Mack; Major Paschke, W. R. Walters; Count Von Lehdenburg, Chas. Swickard; Lieut. Hagenmeister, Andrew Le Duc; First Judge, Albert Sackett; Second, W. H. Webber; Third, A. R. Voigt; Recorder, Ruddy J. Struck; Surgeon, W. B. Woodhall; Orderly, Archie Curtis; Clara, Effie Shannon.

Here is drama. Produced last year for the first time in this country at Mr. Conried's little theatre in Irving Place, it was at once pronounced one of the most striking plays that had come from Germany in a decade. When it became a question of adapting it for the American stage the pharisees shook their heads. No, its interest was too local, too German; its story too indelicate. Fortunately, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey, two metropolitan favorites of long standing, thought otherwise. They induced Mr. Shubert to secure the American rights, and the result is a success that promises to carry them through the season.

MISS SELENA JOHNSON
Will be seen as Aurora in Arnold Daly's production of G. B. Shaw's play, "How He Lied to Her Husband"

"Taps" is the sort of play which we get all too seldom, and which the stage needs badly if it is to regain its lost popularity with the lover of the serious drama. Inane musical comedy, the insipid book play, the tailor-made comedy—all of these are stultifying and paralyzing our dramatists. "Taps" is none of these. It is drama, a slice of life. Its story of the German military system may be briefly retold. The sergeant's daughter is caught by her betrothed, a corporal, in the rooms of Lieut. von Lauffen. The two men quarrel. The corporal attacks his superior and is arrested. At the court-martial neither man will compromise the girl, yet it is known there is a woman in the case. The sergeant's daughter comes forward and confesses she is to blame. The old sergeant, crazed with grief, attempts to attack his daughter's betrayer in court, but is restrained. The latter is filled with remorse, but his social station prevents his making the only amends possible. For the same reason, he cannot fight a duel. Only one way is left. The father takes his daughter's life.

The American way would have been to shoot the seducer, but the object of the German dramatist is plain. He shows the absurdity of any social system that permits the man to escape, while it inflicts punishment on his victim. For German audiences, of course, this ending was the proper one, but in America, where its meaning may miss fire, it might have been better to adapt the author to the extent of satisfying the law of compensation and giving the betrayer his deserts, instead of the unfortunate girl.

Effie Shannon, who has already shown that she is capable of more ambitious work than the light comedy rôles in which she made her reputation, pleased every one by her sympathetic, intelligent grasp of the part of the heroine.

At the Empire Theatre on Sept. 5 was produced a comedy in three acts by Robert Marshall, entitled "The Duke of Killicrankie." The cast was as follows:

The Duke of Killicrankie, John Drew; Henry Pitt-Welby, M. P., Ferdinand Gottschalk; Lady Henrietta Addison, Margaret Dale; Mrs. Mulholland, Fanny Brough.

By the strength of his technique, the truth of his character drawing and the wit of his dialogue, Capt. Marshall may well congratulate himself on the place he has won among the list of contemporary dramatists. To follow up his other successes with such a daring and agreeable piece of literary worth as "The Duke of Killicrankie" shows that something more may yet be expected from the British playwright that will please and live. Frankly describing his three-act composition as a farcical romance, he proceeds by the surety of his touch and the skillful manipulation of well-contrasted scenes to stretch out through an evening a story of really tenuous proportions. In the first act the repartee seems a trifle machine-made, and the final act is somewhat over-burdened with repetition of sentiment, but the second act alone, in its refreshing humor, would carry a much weaker piece to a triumphant conclusion.

The Duke of Killicrankie, constantly rejected by Lady Henrietta, kidnaps her and carries her off to his Scottish castle. How this is accomplished is developed through many ingenious complications. Mr. Drew acts with that aplomb that has stood him so well in characters of a similar kind and makes endurable the distinctly caddish act of His Grace. Miss Dale's graceful comedy is marred by some stupid affectations. The honors were borne off by Fanny Brough as the rich widow and Mr. Gottschalk as the egotist. In all, a delightful play.

At Daly's Theatre on Sept. 1 was presented a musical comedy book by Paul M. Potter and Henry Hamilton, music by Leslie Stuart, entitled, "The School Girl." The cast was as follows:

Lillian Leigh, Edna May; Mother Superior, Mildred Baker; Marianne, Clara Braithwaite; Mamie Reckfeller, Lulu Valli; Norma Rochester, Jane May; Yolande, Vivian Vowles; Violette, Ivy Louise; Mimi, Dorothy Dunbar; Louise, Barbara Dunbar; Margot, Madge Greet; Saaefrada, Lakme Darcier; Miss Yost, Virginia Staunton; Mrs. Marchmont, Mrs. Watt Tanner; Cicely Marchmont, Constance Hyem; Kate Medhurst, Jeannette Paterson; Mabel, Joyce Thorn; Jesse Campbell, Queena Sanford; Evelyn Summers, Eithel Kelly; Edgar Verney; Talleur Andrews; General Marchmont, Fred Wright, Jr.; Tubby Bedford, James Blakeley; Peter Overend, Robert Minster; Corner, W. R. Shirley; George Sylvester, Harry Hudson; Adolphe Delapoise, Murri Moncrieff; Sir Ormsby St. Ledger, George Grossmith, Jr.

Musical comedies continue to be as the Autumn leaves—"yellow and black and pale and hectic red." "The School Girl" is one of the pallid. The authors evidently had "Three Little Maids" in mind when they wrote; but the tender tints and tones that made that piece as nearly exquisite as a musical comedy has any chance to be have become faded and sickly and uninspiring in "The School Girl." The music lacks even the easiest distinction; the dialogue is deadly dull; and only Miss Edna May's physical attractions and the business of three sprightly comedians save the play from utter failure. Miss May's powers, which were never of a quality artistically important—she has a good deal of the magnetic charm of intuitive femininity, that is all—have been developed to their limit during her four years in England. Her voice is possibly more pleasing, even when she sings, than it used to be; and she has acquired that certain level niceness of speech that is a rather pleasing characteristic of many of the London Gaiety girls. In this piece she has the part of an English maiden, Lillian Leigh, who runs away from a convent to carry a love message that may save her friend, Cicely Marchmont, from a marriage with Sir Ormsby St. Ledger. The customary musical comedy doings go on with more than customary insipidity, thanks to Mr. Potter's curious notion that dialogue does not matter.

Fortunately for "The School Girl," George Grossmith, James Blakeley and Fred Wright, Jr., are essentially funny. Mr. Grossmith is not inimitable as Sir Ormsby, since we can never forget how George W. Huntley does the "silly-ass" business. But there is about him something singularly clean-cut and wholesome and smile-enticing. Mr. Wright's personation of a nervous little old general, debilitated, but still game in heart skirmishes, is as good a bit of comedy as one should want to see in this kind of entertainment. The climax of the fun is

MARGARET DALE JOHN DREW FANNY BROUGH FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

The two women are not on speaking terms, and the men's efforts to make things cheerful are very diverting

THE DINNER SCENE IN CAPT. MARSHALL'S COMEDY, "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM (Letchmere) CARLOTTA NILLSON (Letty)
Cured of her infatuation for a married man, Letty bids farewell to Nevill Letchmere
SCENE IN A. W. PINERO'S NEW COMEDY "LETTY"

reached when the three comedians sing, "Let Us Be Simpler, Simpler, Simpler," which is a ridiculous treatment of the periodical cry of soulful theorists for "the simple life."

At the Savoy Theatre on Sept. 3 was presented a comedy in three acts, entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," adapted by Anne Crawford Flexner from Alice Hegan Rice's story. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Wiggs, Madge Carr Cook; Lovey Mary, Mabel Taliaferro; Miss Hazy, Helen Lowell; Miss Lucy, Nora Shelby; Mrs. Eichorn, Lillian Lee; Mrs. Schultz, Anna Fields; Asia, May McManus; Australia, Edith Storey; Europeana, Bessy Burt; Mr. Stubbins, Will T. Hodge; Mr. Wiggs, Oscar Eagle; Mr. Bob, Thurston Hall; Billy Wiggs, Argyle Campbell; Chris Hazy, Taylor Granville; Tommy, William Burton Janes; H. Hunkadunkus Jones, Deputy Sheriff, Ed. Gillespie; Brother Spicer, Wilbert De Rouge; Deacon Bagby, A. W. Maflin; Mr. Schultz, Larry L. Franklin; Mr. Eichorn, William Sherlock; Joe Eichorn, John Walton; Pete Schultz, Willie Gray; Tina Viney, Ida Schwartz; Lena Krasmeier. Mina Haywood.

Here is a play, made from two popular books, which is highly successful as to some of its episodes involving subordinate characters, but "botched" as to its possibilities by inexpert dramatization. It has obviously been built up, little by little, by the actors. Without the business and the infinite detail supplied by them some of the scenes would not go at all. We may imagine the despair of actors when a manuscript scene, put in their hands, is all talk and without a particle of the pulsation of life. What is to be done? "We must put movement, animation, business of some kind in it," they say. The application of this heroic corrective to the opening scenes, to tell the truth, is somewhat overdone. The children are at play, Mrs. Wiggs is heard coming; presto, a convulsion of childish energies, darting to a hiding place under the bed, and when the confusion is all over one is seen perched on top of the bureau. What wonders Mrs. Wiggs performs in tying on her gingham apron! What grimaces the little girl makes as Mrs. Wiggs puts her wisps of hair on the ironing board and passes the hot iron over them to make them curl, and all by way of business, in order to be doing something until something really happens. We could not dispense with the inventive actor and his ingenious business when other interest is lacking. When a visitor is expected and knocks at the door, why should old shoes, the oil can, and all the miscellaneous domestic bric-a-brac be piled up under the coverlet? Business, business!

But something worth while is going to happen presently. Miss Hazy, a pessimist spinster, and Mr. Stubbins, of Bagdad Junction, meet, engage in a delicious courtship, and go through some matrimonial adventures that are very entertaining. Miss Hazy and Mr. Stubbins are the creations of the actors. Some conception of them, no doubt, existed in the manuscript, but it is the business that does it. Miss Hazy cannot be described in words. You might analyze her feelings and give her dialogue, but Miss Hazy cannot be imagined; she must appear in the flesh. Miss Helen Lowell is the actress who incorporates her. Stubbins has paid a dollar to a matrimonial agent for Miss Hazy. He has fallen in love with certain pies which he mistakenly supposes she baked—Mrs. Wiggs' pies. Miss Hazy is a finical old maid, the forlornest creature imaginable. Stubbins is a variety of the stage "Reuben." There is constant discord after marriage. Finally he gets drunk and Mrs. Wiggs ships him off, in his drunken stupor, in a freight car. Mr. Stubbins and others also figure in a stage marriage dance. A rural dance is always good business. The stage characters are capitally "made-up." Miss Lillian Lee as Mrs. Eichorn, a crosspatch, a tall, angular slattern, and Mrs. Schultz, her antithesis, a thing of fat, a neighborhood censor, are admirable. The dramatic management of the action of the story is hazy, while the characters, as presented by the actors, is not hazy. Will T. Hodge is unmistakably comic.

On the other hand, Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, the Mrs. Wiggs, do what she may, is in the background of the effect. Why? because the dramatization is at fault. Imagine the late James A. Herne with this material. How Mrs. Wiggs would have won our hearts in her affection for the children, and particularly in her love for Lovey Mary's treasure of a baby. Mable Taliaferro is a suitable Lovey Mary. To those familiar with the books upon which the play is founded, Mrs. Wiggs may stand out in better relief than she does to those who have not read them, but that is not drama. A drama must be complete in

itself. A play may very easily be better than the book from which it is dramatized, or which suggested it; and, in many cases, familiarity with the book would be exceedingly undesirable. Fortunately, Mrs. Rice's two stories are worth reading; but a play that depends on a book for its understanding is an abhorrent imposition on the theatregoing public. This belief in the all-saving efficacy of a large selling book to make and save a play is encouragement to every amateur dramatist to secure the rights and botch it.

At the Knickerbocker Theatre on Sept. 5 was presented a comic opera, music by Ludwig Englander, book by Harry B. Smith, entitled "A Madcap Princess." The cast was as follows:

Mary Tudor, Lulu Glaser; Henry VIII., William Pruette; Charles Brandon, Bertram Wallis; Sir Edwin Caskoden, Donald McLaren; Sir Adam Judson, Howard Chambers; Will Somers, Frank Reicher; Duke of Buckingham, Arthur Barry; Cardinal Wolsey, Ralph Lewis; Duke de Longueville, Guy Hoffman; Captain Bradhurst, H. Chambers; Farmer Blake, Reginald Barlow; A. Friar, Maurice Sims; Landlord, Herbert Freer; Goody Blake, Elsie Thomas; Queen Katherine, Maud Ream Stover; Lady Jane Bolingbroke, Mary Conwell; Mistress Jane Seymour, Gwendolyn Valentine; Mistress Annie Boleyn, Rose Earle; A Page, Lillian Lipyeat.

Lulu Glaser is a comic opera star whose infectious good nature, rollicking dash and unflagging animal spirits have made her deservedly popular with a large circle of theatregoers. Under her new manager, Charles B. Dillingham, it was to be hoped that the new opera he had secured for her re-appearance would give those particular qualities ample scope and play. It must be admitted, however, that the young lady's personal talents go much further in pleasing the audiences than does either the musical setting of Ludwig Englander or the libretto which Harry B. Smith has worked over from "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Mr. Englander is at present much in demand as a composer. Melodic invention is not to be forced, and a musical Pegasus, unlike an automobile, is apt to show fatigue if pushed too hard. The score of "A Madcap Princess" is distinctly commonplace. Jingle it has, but of the most ephemeral and tenuous-like quality. Its members, with few exceptions, suggest but variations on familiar tunes, and the whole score is written with a simplicity that indicates haste rather than that careful preparation from which only simple but real music is derived. And strange, too, the lyrics of Mr. Smith, always a fluent rhymster, halt more than once and frequent vocal gymnastics are required on the part of the singers to make the words and music meet.

The picturesque Tudor period makes a glowing background for the action of the piece, and both scenery and costumes are rich, appropriate and in excellent taste. The stage action is spirited and the performance moves with snap and precision. But the book has many dull spots, and the fact that the star is principally called upon to express the same emotions, rage and forwardness in each act produces a somewhat monotonous effect. But Miss Glaser is humorously effective in her moments of tantrum, indicates some depth of feeling in her admiration for Brandon, bullies her royal brother, Henry VIII., with comic zest, and in the disguise of a page carries off a swashbuckling scene with all the authority of a well-trained player. She sings nicely, too, and enunciates with refreshing distinctness. Bertram Wallis is the Charles Brandon. Tall and handsome, with a good voice, he, strange to say for a tenor, acts with dash and spirit. William Pruette is bluff King Hal. His make-up—an exact reproduction of the Holbein portrait—is excellent, and his impersonation and singing are sound and pleasing. Frank Reicher makes a Court Jester amusing by his

Photo White

The sergeant's daughter (Effie Shannon) confesses that it was she who visited the officer's room, and her infuriated father (Herbert Kelcey) draws his sword as if to attack her lover (Robert Loraine)

THE COURT-MARTIAL SCENE IN THE MILITARY DRAMA "TAPS"

grace and skillful pantomime, and the chorus in form and face is quite up to the Broadway standard.

At the Princess Theatre on August 5 was presented a farce in three acts by Louis Eagan, entitled "Jack's Little Surprise." The cast was as follows:

Jack Van Allen, Arthur Byron; Alfonso Merrivale, E. A. Eberle; Bob Merrivale, Mortimer Weldon; George Peabody, Maurice Wilkinson; Murafek Pasha, Alonzo Price; Rev. Hosea Sibley, Burke Clarke; Antoine, Louis R. Grisel; Jim Bennett, John Mackin; Mr. Burke, Wm. Morley; Hassan, Albert French; Zedan, Fred'k Cooley; Abou, John Prentice; Baba, Samuel Greene; Ada Van Allen, Charlotte Walker; Dora Merrivale, Grace Barber; Mrs. Peabody, Carolyn Elberts; Fiametta, Katherine Keyes; Irene, Augusta Gardner.

The public must be amused. Into the maw of this public the manager throws adaptations, dramatizations, stolen goods, anything that comes to hand. It is not pure amiability that prompts him, but business and the instinct of self-preservation. His existence depends, he is getting to think more and more, upon his "amusing" the people. Perhaps it is a mistaken view, but this multiple monster must be propitiated in some way, and laughter seems the easiest. Hence we were given "Jack's Little Surprise." It did not take two minutes after the rise of the curtain to see that the piece was from the French, and that the use of the name of an Englishman as the author is one of those theatrical fictions intended to make us believe that we are getting something new. Louis Eagan, we may readily believe, is the author of the changes from the original. It is not a matter of the slightest concern, however, how much or how little he contributed to the piece. Farces of this kind are indestructibly French. It took a Madison Morton to make them look like anything else. Certainly some of the situations were very comical. If the inconsistencies of the piece had been remedied it might have served to amuse, otherwise not. Arthur Byron made his points with too much placidity, but his art is full of intelligence and his methods thoroughly effective.

At the Majestic Theatre on August 23 was presented a musical extravanganza, book by Allen Lowe and George E. Stoddard; music by Paul Schindler and Ben Jerome, entitled "The Isle of Spice." The cast was as follows:

Bompopka, Alexander Clark; Lieut. Katchall, George Fiske; Mickey O'Grady, Herbert Cawthorne; Slubsy Mackinaw, Gilbert Gregory; Kashon, John Hendricks; Konner, James Phelan; Taric, Harry Truman; Sam Snap, Otto Booker; Teresa, Blanche Buckner; Kamorta, Mattie Martz; Asbena, Susie Forrester; Trinket, Maude Williams; Richshaw Boys, Stella Maury, Mollie Mack; Cayenna, Jessie Maury; Peppera, Aida Vaughn; Anchovia, May Kennedy; Saucanna, Merle Dumont; Tobasconne, Ivy Williams; Radisha, Minnie Woodberry.

TALLEUR ANDREWS CONSTANCE HYEM FRED WRIGHT, Jr. EDNA MAY GEO. GROSSMITH

Sir Ormsby (Mr. Grossmith): "What are you doing Thursdays, Lillian?" Lillian (Edna May): "Nothing." Sir Ormsby: "Then let us do it together"

SCENE IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE

No erudite essay need be penned about this piece. It is the usual chaotic musical extravaganza of the conventional pattern with nothing especially to recommend it, either in its book, its music or its *mise-en-scène*. One thing alone saved it from complete disaster, and this redeeming feature was the excellent comedians employed. With such professional funmakers as Alexander Clark, Herbert Cawthorne and Gilbert Gregory one must be amused, no matter how nonsensical it all is, and while these three artists are on the stage one is sufficiently diverted. Susie Forrester, as a very corpulent discarded queen, contributed largely to the humor and gave a distinctly clever and artistic characterization. A number of very pretty girls in picturesque costumes were exhibited, and did some graceful dancing. Otherwise "The Isle of Spice" is a poor successor to "The Wizard of Oz."

At the Garrick Theatre, on Sept. 5, was produced a comedy in three acts called "Military Mad," adapted from the German of Franz von Schonthan by Leo Ditrichstein. The cast was as follows:

General Von Tross, Henry Kolker; Major von Cunzburg, Brinsley Shaw; Lieut. von Hoheneck, Leo Ditrichstein; Lieut. Benzberg, William Little; Baron von Gollwitz, Thomas Wise; Karl Hartwig, Henry V. Donnelly; Hans, George Henry Trader; Sergt. Krauss, Giles Shine; Yanicke, Charles J. Greene; Sergt. Hoeffer, Harry Surgent; Vlassack, Herbert Eyling; Sergt. Stemler, William Cline; Hahnish, Charles James; Friedrich, John Emerson; Marian Lee, Ida Conquest; Mrs. Winter, Edith Barker; Betty von Hoheneck, Elly Collmer, Mrs. Becker, Jennie Reiffart; Anna, Amy Lesser; Rose, Florence Thornton; Clara, Elizabeth Emmet; Angele, Margaret Sutherland.

The time during which this comedy, warmed over from the German, was billed at the Garrick, was brief. It was not a bad play, and it must be accredited with an honorable if complete capitulation. Its chief fault was that it was not far enough removed from the land of its origin. The same play, so to speak, involving American affairs, written by an American, would have been hailed as a triumph. The best modern plays, those that have their roots in the soil, depend upon detail. In "Military Mad" innumerable details must have been lost to us. What was exquisite humor to the military-ridden Teutons had the air of matter of fact to us; and yet the play was filled with diverting episodes, entirely intelligible, little comedies in themselves. What was lacking was an understanding of the social distinctions, of the values attached to rank and title. A Count or a Duke, with us, is a mere dramatic figure, one of the cheapest commodities of the stage. You can give the dramatic value, but not the essence of him. The American girl does not fall in love with a Count *per se*, if he is merely on the stage, and unless the actor's pulchritude is equal to his rank, she does not like to see the love of the heroine light on him. Of course, we can appreciate a Baron who makes an ass of himself like von Gollwitz, in the play, who assumes the apron of the cook and helps the host out of his dilemma by doing the cooking. He is of some use in the world. But how are we going to get up any liking for Major von Cunzburg, or Lieutenant von Hoheneck, or what are we going to say as to Lieutenant Count Benzberg, and to General von Tross? Did not the bigness of the nose of his personal representative at the Garrick detract somewhat from that subtle dignity of rank which we must accept in order to appreciate him? We can adapt ourselves to almost any point of view in this country, perhaps the only country that will accept foreign-made plays almost in their entirety, but when we are asked to accept the humor of a people's servitude to military officers, our intelligence or sympathies fail us. Many of the episodes of the play were delightful. To the student of the drama the methods of Schonthan are exceedingly instructive. He is absolutely familiar with every detail of his subject, and no part of his material is lost. Still, New York is not a German province.

At the Herald Square Theatre on Sept. 5 was produced a comedy in three acts, entitled "The Spellbinder," by Herbert Hall Winslow and Charles Dickson. The cast was as follows:

Lucas Byng, George Ober; Mr. Call, Henry Powers; Eloise, Gertrude Howe; Marietta, Adele Luhrman; John B. Ruggles, Ralph Delmore; Grace Gelston, Charlotte Townsend; Angela, Violet Black; Harry Ruggles, Eugene Shakespeare; Howard Colby, Charles Dickson; Jackson White, Geo. R. Averill; Andy McGlory, Frank Russell; Nellie McGlory, Lansing Rowan; Attendant, John M. King; Hon. Bernard McCally, James R. Garey; Hon. James R. Hacklett, Geo. R. Averill; Hon. Aaron Snodgrass, E. G. Reynolds; Hon. Israel Lemstein, Henry Shean; Hon. Andrew Dillon, Jos. R. O'Mally; Hon. Oscar Bouler, William Pierce; Hon. Heinrich Schroeder, Ralph Locke.

Byron, N. Y.

EDITH TALIAFERRO EZRA KENDALL

Scene in "Weather-beaten Benson" in which Ezra Kendall is appearing this season

It is a pity that Mr. George W. Lederer did not temper his enthusiasm with a little more judgment in selecting "The Spellbinder," by Herbert Hall Winslow and Charles Dickson, as a medium for the latter's reappearance here as a star. The combination of love and politics has frequently been used as a dramatic theme, and in the cases of "For Congress," "The Senator," and "The County Chairman," success has been the result. If the authors of this new play had been content to work out their play on the conventional but safe lines employed in the construction of its predecessors, they, too, might have reaped some laurels. But at its best, "The Spellbinder" is a feeble effort, deficient in moving interest and hopelessly overburdened with talk of a tedious and irrelevant description. It has some scenes that possess both novelty and interest, but they are weakly developed and are mostly incidents rather than actual happenings that effect the advancement of the story.

Strange to say, the authors signally missed it in the com-

position of the rôle of Howard Colby, the part player of Mr. Dickson. He does more talking than any one else, and holds the centre of the stage most of the time, but he is a lay figure at best. Mr. Dickson played it with easy reserve and fluent tact. Gertrude Howe and Adele Luhrman, as manicurists, gave a frank exhibition of those professional women whose methods are not above reproach. George Ober, as Lucas Byng, was cheerfully amusing in an eccentric rôle, and as an East Side tough, with a predilection for crooked politics, Frank Russell gave a strong character sketch. As his sister Nellie, a cloak model, Miss Lansing Rowan played her one emotional scene with convincing earnestness and force. Ralph Delmon was a conventional district leader, and the remainder of the cast was competent.

At the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 29th was seen for the first time a piece by R. Melville Baker and Joseph Hart, called "Girls Will Be Girls." The following performers were included in the cast:

Prof. Dodge, Al. Leech; Abner Sankey, Art Brock; Sheriff Ketchem, Hubert Corthell; Nathan Hanley, Winfred Young; Tom Sparrow, John McVeigh; Marvin Brown, Harry Davies; Henry Sniffens, Oscar Watson; Police Officer Chase, Harry Wilson; Police Officer Holdhim, Ed. Schultz; Ned Raymond, Ed. Mora; Madeline Scribner, Lillian Bayer; Martha Young, Mary Karr; Lonely Sprouts, Roma Snyder; Esther Sprouts, Gladys Claire; Brussell Sprouts, Christine Cook.

When what is put forward as theatrical entertainment is frankly labeled "Just nonsense—that's all," serious criticism is completely disarmed. Even nonsense may be relatively good and bad, and it must be admitted that this medley of absurdities by Messrs. Baker and Hart is vastly more amusing than many current productions of like nature more ambitiously heralded. Al. Leech is a treat in himself alone. The American stage nowadays shows a sorry dearth of legitimate actors of the first rank, but it counts clever comedians by the hundred, and Al. Leech, who has long been a favorite in vaudeville, is among the best of them. His dry humor, his ever serious mask, his nimble dancing and hundred and one droll antics, is all exceedingly diverting, and as principal of the Dodge Academy for Girls he has plenty of opportunity to keep his auditors amused. Mr. Leech is well seconded by three comely young women, respectively, Roma Snyder, Gladys Claire and Christine Cook, who are "cute" at all times, and sing ditties and wear pretty costumes with delightful versatility. Others in this cast amused.

At the Lyric Theatre, on Sept. 1, was produced a musical extravaganza in three acts by Geo. E. Stoddard and Charles S. Taylor, entitled "The Royal Chef." The cast was as follows:

Heinrick Lemphauser, Dave Lewis; The Rajah of Oolong, Henry Leone; Lord Mito, Joseph C. Miron; Badso, Joseph Allen; Harry Parkes, John Park; Admiral Noble, J. Allen; Midshipmen, Geo. Stevens, Harry Leonard; Princess Teto, Amelia Stone; Kitty O'Reilly, Stella Tracy; Mabel Noble, Gertrude Millington; Triko, Bertha Blake; Salamo, Estelle Libert; Kamo, June Lowery; Tomo, Ursula Thompson; Mohat, Caroline Sylvester; Kavat, Marie Glazier; Mariat, Daisy Reed; Bomat, Dolly Williams.

This preposterous conglomeration of nonsense, now happily removed beyond our ken, merits no mention save by way of record. It may be stated conservatively that nothing worse has ever been exhibited on the local stage. A more hopeless muddle of stereotyped situations, moss-grown humor, ear-harrowing music, imbecile plot, was probably never inflicted upon the long-suffering and patient playgoer. Yet pieces even as bad as "The Royal Chef" may, like the mosquito, serve a good purpose. A few more productions on the order of this one, and that form of inane theatrical entertainment miscalled "Musical Comedy" will have received its death blow. There is a limit to the public's patience, and that this limit has been reached was plainly shown by the dubious reception this piece was accorded in New York. Pretty girls and clever comedians worked hard to amuse, but their efforts were vain.

Our last issue contained an article entitled "In the Footsteps of Hamlet," illustrated with pictures of Kronborg Castle, Elsinore. This article originally appeared in *New Shakespeareana*, and the pictures and text were reproduced in our columns by permission of the publishers of that publication. Credit was given at the time of the reprint, but, as we are unwilling that there should be any misunderstanding as to the source, we again thank *New Shakespeareana* for its courtesy.

Otto Sarony Co.

Two New American Playwrights Whose Work Will Attract Attention On The Stage This Season

RUPERT HUGHES

Rupert Hughes was born in 1872 of Southern descent and took his Master's degree at Yale in 1903. For many years a musical critic and editor, he has also written a mass of essays, verse, fiction, etc., for the magazines. His published works are eight in number and include "The Musical Guide," a valuable book of reference; "Love Affairs of Great Musicians;" "The Whirlwind," a novel; "Gygnes Ring," blank verse poem; and "The Real New York." He has also published much on music as well as some original compositions. His dramatic work is, however, his chief ambition. At the age of 21 he wrote a libretto produced in 1895 as "The Bathing Girl," and in 1902 he was commissioned to write a smart social satire for Mrs. Osborne's playhouse. The same year saw the production of "In the Midst of Life," written in collaboration, also in 1902 "The Wooden Wedding," a one-act piece of his, was produced in London. The following year he wrote for Warde and James a five-act tragedy based on the life of Alexander the Great. His most recent play, "What Will People Say?" will be produced this winter by Mrs. Fiske

ANNE CRAWFORD FLEXNER

Anne Laziere Crawford Flexner (Mrs. Abraham Flexner), the adapter of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and other plays, was born in Georgetown, Ky. She entered Vassar College in 1891, was editor of the College Magazine and wrote a few short stories and some occasional verse. She was the class historian and graduated in 1895. Miss Crawford spent the winter of 1897-98 in New York, observing and studying the stage. She outlined the scenario of an original play, "A Man's Woman," written the next year and submitted to Mrs. Fiske, who praised its construction, though not in sympathy with its theme as a problem play. She was then requested by Mrs. Fiske to write a play based on the novel "Miranda of the Balcony." This was produced on the opening of the New Manhattan Theatre in September, 1901. The play ran ten weeks in New York City. She married Mr. Flexner in June, 1898. Mrs. Flexner was one of the charter members of the Authors' Club, of which Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice is a member, and the Woman's Club of Louisville. She was designated by Mrs. Rice to dramatize her books, "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary"

As Old Gunnion in "The Squire" — J. E. Dodson — Copyright, Falk — As Richelieu — As Shylock — Richard Mansfield — Copyright, Falk — As the Baron Chevrial

Masters of Make-up

EXTERNALS and their effectiveness play a very prominent part in the success achieved by character actors. Even the lay mind is capable of appreciating the aid vouchsafed by a clever transformation of the face. Historical portraits strike home with particular force and the reproduction to the life of some familiar figure of history never fails to draw out a round of applause on its own account.

But it is axiomatic to repeat that no mask, however perfect, will accomplish much if the gray matter is not working actively behind it. After all, "the make-up" is simply an adjunct to the portrayal of a conception, a very necessary and important one, but still only an element of success.

"Character actor" is still a word much employed in the profession, and, to the general, is usually associated with red wigs and bizarre effects that find no counterpart in nature. But a little reflection goes to show that unless the dramatist is wholly lacking in his art, every rôle is a character evolved, built up and rounded out by the moving influences of each particular story. Even the "straight parts," so-called, such as the leading rôle in any play, must differ; and almost any one of such parts will gain if the leading man will add some positive feature to his "make-up" that will give it some distinctive difference from the last rôle he was called upon to play. But some managers are very insistent that their stars' individuality shall be retained, and so play after play presents these actors with no change in appearance save the difference supplied by a change of clothes.

In the general acceptance of the term, character and eccentric actors covered themselves with glory in "the olden days" of dramatic history when "make-ups" were of the most primitive kind. Grease paints, crêpe hair and the hundred and one accessories of the actor's toilet were then unknown. Such transformations as they did accomplish were achieved through the ingenuous use of whitewash rubbed from the walls of their dressing rooms, red from the bricks of the chimney and black from the carbonization of an old cork. With these simple aids something was accomplished, but a glance at the prints and engravings of theatrical happenings when Garrick was king show that much was left to the imagination, and some remarkable anachronisms may be marked in the way of wigs and costumes. To have achieved a sensation as Macbeth togged out in a full-bottomed wig and the uniform of a Scotch soldier of the 17th century speaks wonders for the effectiveness of the acting.

Contrast such a picture with Irving's wonderful "make-up" as the Thane of Cawdor, and the marvelous advance that has been made in this phase of the actor's art will be seen at a glance. It was a German who made face transformation an art. Carl Baudin was his name. A member of the Leipziger Stadt Theatre he, like many others, felt the need of something that would hide that demarking line between the forehead and the wig band. His grease paint was first used for this purpose alone, but its possibilities were recognized and he and his associates quickly widened its sphere of usefulness. To-day grease paint can be secured in any shade from corpse-like pallor to the ruddy hue of wind-beaten sailor. The color of any nationality is on immediate tap, and a few dabs from these sticks of pigment and you have an Indian, a Mongolian, or an Ethiopian ready at hand.

The portraits on the right are, (1) Elita Proctor Otis as Mother Frochard, (2) Forbes Robertson as Lord Nelson, (3) David Warfield as The Auctioneer, (4) Tyrone Power as Judas Iscariot, (5) Jacob Adler as Shylock, (6) Wilton Lackaye as Svengali

A palette may contain all the colors in the rainbow, but it needs the brush of an artist to blend them into a picture. So it is with these sticks of grease paint. To utilize them to the full advantage, study and experience are needed. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face and all the other phases of theatrical "make-up" are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil painting or a water color. It will thus be seen that the player who knows something of drawing and painting has a distinct advantage at the game.

WILLIAM H. CRANE
Showing his remarkable "make-up" as the money-grubbing Lechat in Octave Mirbeau's drama, "Business is Business," now being presented on the American stage

The telling force and effect of Richard Mansfield's masks are largely due to the fact that with pencil and brush Mr. Mansfield is no inferior artist. Books are published on the subject, and about every player of note who has ever created a sensation by some particular "make-up," compelling admiration, has lately told in print just how he accomplished it, what particular stroke he applied here, what touch was employed there, and so on. It is a grave question whether it is not a mistake to enlighten the public too much on these subjects. With the mechanism of "make-up" carefully revealed and the method of manufacturing illusions explained to the full, the result is an audience that knows it all in advance and an additional burden placed upon the player if he would effect his point or create an illusion.

Of the players in this country who have achieved marked success in the outward delineation of pronounced character, J. E. Dodson is one of the leaders. It must further be added that Mr. Dodson is also a most finished actor with a wide range of ability. He is a firm believer in the value of accurate externals and declares that if one is outwardly attuned to the character his impersonation will gain in force and effect; for, seeing himself in his mirror the outward picture of this rôle, the emotional qualities are stirred, confidence is gained and the player is inspired to act with freedom and assurance. And to acquire a "make-up" that will satisfy his artistic sense, Mr. Dodson is not unwilling to devote plenty of his time. Never less than an hour did he give to making up Old Gunnion in "The Squire." And what a picture it was of senile decay and doddering fatuousness! Even the neck is built up to give the effect of wrinkles and creases of fat, the teeth marked out, the upper lip was drawn in, the very high forehead was, of course, false, and the sparse, scraggly gray hair and stubby beard of two or three days' growth made a picture of vivid strength and of wonderful effectiveness. Another of his finished studies was that of Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe." From a historical point of view it was an absolutely correct reproduction of Champeigne's celebrated portrait in the Louvre. The saturnine Capt. Warriner in "Miranda of the Balcony," the venerable Simonides in "Ben Hur," and the urbane Johnny Weatherbee in "Because She Loved Him So," were further evidences of his graphic skill with the hare's foot and powder puff. Mr. W. Lafavor, a Chicago sculptor, was so much impressed with this mask that he asked Mr. Dodson to pose for him, and later presented to him the fine bust which he made.

Of the English players, Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree are masters of "make-up." What a gallery of living portraits each has presented! Who can forget whoever saw the former's Van Dyck-like Charles I, the race-tortured Shylock, the aged veteran of Waterloo, the perfect Dante, the volatile Alfred Jingle, the sweet old Dr. Primrose or the magniloquent Don Quixote! Mr. Tree is best remembered here for his Falstaff, the old Detective in "The Red Lamp," Svengali and his Fechterian Hamlet.

The American stage is rich, too, in actors capable of making marvelous facial changes, and many women are artists enough to sink their vanity and with the aid of paint and powder turn their pretty selves into veritable caricatures and hags.

Richard Mansfield's work on the stage has been much enhanced by the study and care he has given to his "make-ups." Not a little of the wonderful success he made the night he first appeared in "A Parisian Romance" was due to the artistry he brought to bear in painting his face to represent that decrepit and disgraceful old rake, the Baron Chevrial, while the physical transformations he made in shedding the skin of the suave Dr. Jekyll for that of the diabolical Mr. Hyde have been the admiration of countless theatregoers. His last portrait of Ivan the Terrible was fully its equal in ghastly and repulsive strength.

W. H. Thompson, Wilton Lackaye, whose Svengali more than realized the hypnotist that Du Maurier drew; David Warfield, whose graphic portraits of the Ghetto are life-like in their every suggestion; Elita Proctor Otis, who hideously realized the Widow Frochard; Jacob Adler, the distinguished Jewish tragedian; Tyrone Power, who reincarnated Judas Iscariot, and William Norris, are all players who show what patient skill and intelligence can do in giving verisimilitude to their author's creations.

There are many instances where a clever "make-up" has deceived even experienced actors familiar with all the tricks of the business. Joseph Jefferson, seeing Wilton Lackaye for the first time in "The Children of the Ghetto," could not be brought to believe that the apparently aged actor was a man barely in his forties, and J. E. Dodson tells this story: "When I was playing the Jew in 'After Dark,' I made up the nose to suit the part. One night at the close of the performance I was sent for by a Jewish gentleman who wished to meet me. I divested myself of my 'make-up' and went to him, saying: 'Well, sir, I am Mr. Dodson; what can I do for you?' He replied: 'I want Mr. Dodson, the actor.' 'I am he.' 'No, no,' he rejoined, placing his finger on his nose, 'he is one of us.'"

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Dentatus in "Virginius" | Zouroff in "Moths" | Jim Hackler in "The County Chairman" | Ingomar

MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN FOUR WIDELY DIFFERENT CHARACTER RÔLES

Maclyn Arbuckle—An Interview via a Diary

(Chats with Players No. 31)

Maclyn Arbuckle's first part (1866)

TO interview an actor through his diary is assuredly a novel proceeding. Firstly, very few actors keep diaries, and those who do are seldom willing to let an inquisitive magazine writer have a peep into them. But Maclyn Arbuckle, our esteemed county chairman, is not like most other men. He is a distinct type in private life as well as on the stage, and it is a fine, lovable type, big-hearted, broad-minded, simple, close to the soil, the primitive, yet the best type of the American man. There was no idea of a diary when I called to see the actor and his wife at his comfortable suite in the St. Albans. Mr. Arbuckle, ruddy, broad-shouldered, loose-coated, natural as the plains of his native Texas, had chatted about the American play, the American player, and that potent thing, the American audience, while Mrs. Arbuckle, the novelty of whose bridehood had scarce worn away, black-eyed, black-haired, slender and gentle, brewed and served tea. Suddenly the eyes of the interviewer fell upon a book lying on the open desk. It was old and stained with much handling and excited the writer's interest.

"Household accounts?" we queried.

Mrs. Arbuckle smiled a sweet negative and looked towards her husband.

"My journal," he explained.

What! An actor actually keeping a diary and leaving it around loose for his wife to inspect? Unheard of! Our news instinct was at once aroused.

"M'm! Does Mrs. Arbuckle read it?"

"Oh, yes! I've been keeping it since I was a boy," explained the actor, "and my wife has been interested enough to read every line."

What an admirable means of getting acquainted with one's husband and one's husband's past. Perhaps he would allow the THEATRE MAGAZINE a peep? The county chairman immediately accorded us that favor, and the journal proved so interesting and so unique as a key to its owner's character that the peep was long drawn out, and the interviewer joyfully filled her fountain pen.

Thus does Mr. Arbuckle record his decision to go upon the stage after he had failed to make a livelihood either in the law or politics:

"Texarkana, Texas, December, 1888.

"December came in with cold, brisk weather. Politics are dead, and a great many of 'us aspirants' died on the same voyage. It is, however, with grateful heart that I think of the voters of Precinct No. 1, whom, they tell me, die at dawn with such a grand man as the lamented 'Cæsar' Cleveland. So end my political aspirations and I return to the quiet, deliberate starvation of the law. Not for long, I hope.

"The profession is overcrowded and clients can dictate fees. I have set my heart on other fields where I can get something for my labor, and as soon as an opportunity offers I will go on the stage, where I can

As Touchstone (1889)

Photos Windeatt

Otis Skinner as the Harvester — Maud Durbin as Aline — Marion Abbott as the tavern wife — Lizzie Hudson Collier as Toinette

FOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN JEAN RICHEPIN'S IDYLLIC DRAMA, "THE HARVESTER," SOON TO BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC

have the same chance at the 'greenbacks' and silver of this country.

"My knowledge of Shakespeare's works and other readings will serve me well. It matters not the nature of the drama, so it gives me a chance. I shall give my best thoughts and study to any part that falls to my lot.

"My friends seem to think that I have talent for the drama, and as I was successful in the Fireman's Concert and received much applause and three encores, perhaps there may be talent in me, which, if properly handled and encouraged, may be developed into useful and beneficial results. After mature consideration I have decided to make the change and start anew.

"I have spoken to several companies that have been through here. Mr. Pete Baker, the versatile comedian in German and other dialects, gave me much encouragement, and I only hope it may terminate in my joining him and then I will try my fortune on the stage."

Mr. Arbuckle explained that while he was conducting his campaign for Justice of the Peace he had concluded all his speeches by reading selections from Shakespeare. He didn't think that was the reason he was defeated for office. He could say without doing violence to his modesty that he was "the greatest tragedian in Bowie County, Texas." There was no other.

In this characteristic fashion he wrote of his début as an actor, his decease as a lawyer and his burial as a politician. At this writing he was of the contemplative age of twenty-two.

"New Orleans, La., Dec. 31, 1888.

"The weather was clear last night and we opened to 1,790 people, standing room scarce. The large crowd did not disturb my feelings at all, and I was more enthusiastic and read my lines with more deliberation and acted with greater ease. The audience was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Baker was received with a rousing demonstration. He is a great favorite here.

"As I go about the city I notice signs of 'Attorneys at Law.' Ah, me! I wonder if they are young lawyers. If so, my heart goes out to them. There they sit, companion pieces to Dickens' Micawber, ever watching and waiting for something to 'turn up.' Poor souls! They go to their offices and open their invisible voluminous mail, and take their clients one at a time, and fill their safe drawers with fives and retainers. Oh, it is glorious! Three short weeks ago I was one of them —shingle swinging to the tune of 'Destitute and Raggitty' by the gentle rough zephyrs of Legal Poverty, and it is professional, you know, to be legally poor.

From The Tatler

George Edwardes, the well-known manager of the Gaiety Theatre, London. Mr. Edwardes, who is the inventor of musical comedy, will come to New York in January to stage "The Duchess of Dantzic"

"But how different now! I closed the lid of the casket that bore all that remains of the 'Legal Wreck' and consigned the remains to the Fraternity that they might be buried with becoming professional dignity—funeral expenses to be paid out of 'fees due me;' fees that never came!

"It is a great awakening from a three-years' sleep, a young Rip Van Winkle slumber!

"Fight, you lawyers, over your fees! Seize the farmers' lands, 'for fees, you know.' Take the mules and cows. Sound forth your legal arguments to the courts of justice! Look you wise and renew your 30, 60 and 90-day paper in the bank. Take all. I quit claim to you in fee simple for love and affection.

"And, oh, you candidates for political and judicial honors, ride your scrawny horses and mules through Red River Bottoms, dine with the dear colored voters, kiss the sweet, pretty little dirty child of the dear voters, take your mysterious grips to the 'speaking,' ride all night, take stock in every church, colored and white, school, barbecue! Oh, what bliss, what felicity, to have a huge colored gentleman demand a five, and suggest that if it is not forthcoming he will 'surely turn his whole

following and district against you, and oh, what woe when you haven't the five to stay his cruel power!

"At last the day has come! Up early, spreading tickets broadcast, 'Vote for Maclyn Arbuckle, Justice of the Peace.' Opponent looking slyly at you and wondering about your strength. Visit polls. Your men (colored) proclaim you elected without a doubt. 'Want a quarter' for their dinners. What's the news from Wagger's, Hoom's, Holmes' Schoolhouse, Wilkins' Woods? Conflicting accounts. Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind. The sun sets and you little know that your glory and responsibility sets with it. Polls close. Niggers yell (for everybody). Returns slowly come in. Hope up, but votes down. Opponent gets full. You go to bed, full of expectations. Get up, fall down. Defeated!

"You are a member of the large and honorable body of 'Defeated Candidates.' Meet successful candidate. Congratulate him. Knew it all the time. Opponent gets full again. Friends console, tell you you are all right, only too young. Help you to prepare for the Salt River Packet. There you are. Three long months canvassing, starving, enduring, speaking, praying, hoping and wavering! Money and office gone. There you are! Where? You don't know yourself. Nobody else.

"'O mighty Cæsar, hast thou fallen so low?
Have all thy glories, triumphs, conquests, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
Fare thee well!'"

What an opportunity for a soul inspection, a true interview, was this! A man may make mental reservation with a scribbler. He may even have proper reserves from his wife. But he never deceives his diary. A testing of the pen and then this transcription of the young Maclyn's facing of himself at twenty-eight:

"Montreal, Can., July 9, 1894.

"At six o'clock this morning I reached my twenty-eighth year on earth, having been born in San Antonio, Texas, July 9, 1866. My journal of past birthdays gives a more minute account of my movements and doings since I was a child. It is my custom on every birthday to ask myself what I have accomplished during the year past and what advance I have made. I was in Waddington last year when this (to me) auspicious day came around.

"Since then I have made an advance in my profession in various ways. Last summer I was telegraphed for to play Touchstone in the out-door production at Long Branch with Miss Rose Coghlan as Rosalind. I traveled from one ocean to the other, from New York direct to San Francisco, where I opened with 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' in which I played the part of the General, the same that I had played at the Empire Theatre in the spring. Before I closed the season with 'The Girl,' etc., I was engaged for a production of 'Lady Gladys,' which Minnie Seligman-Cutting was to produce first in New York. I reached New York the following Monday, reported at Daly's Theatre, and here the play was in rehearsal. Suffice it to say in this short recapitulation that, owing to trouble with Mr. Miner, we did not play in New York, although we were to have appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. In the meantime I was called to play the General in 'The Girl,' etc., running as a big production at the Academy of Music, New York. I played the two remaining weeks of the run and closed June 2nd. A few days before closing I was engaged to play Sir Anthony Absolute and Old Dornton in 'The Rivals' and 'The Road to Ruin,' with Mrs. John Drew, supported by Sidney Drew. I was offered $100 a week by Hoyt and Thomas to play Maverick Brander in 'The Texas Steer.' A new contract was sent me in Pittsburg some time before we closed, re-engaging me at an increased salary to continue next season in 'The Girl,' etc.

"So much for my professional doings, and I think I have

Burr McIntosh ETHEL BARRYMORE

This talented descendant of a famous family finds herself at the early age of twenty five occupying an enviable position on the stage. The daughter of poor Maurice Barrymore, she was born in Philadelphia educated at a convent and spent much of her early youth with her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. She made her first début on the stage in 1894 with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop," but her first distinct success was as Mme. Trentoni in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Capt. Jinks." This season she will be seen in a play called "Sunday," in which she will have to lay aside her usual handsome gowns to wear tattered rags

done fairly well in that line. Have written some essays and begun a story based upon the subject of a 'Log,' giving it (the log) the power of thought, reason, sense of feeling, etc., and sending it many hundreds of miles by water way, with expressions and experiences of the log itself.

"Have made many new and warm friends, yet the good old friends retain their place with me.

"Have contributed some of my earnings to charitable causes.

"Have read quite a number of instructive books, as well as much discussed 'novels.'

"Have liquidated several debts which I willingly and cheerfully contracted to aid my dear little mother in her time of distress, owing to the misfortunes which have overtaken father. Sent a great deal of money home and never failed to answer a single request from any member of the family. My purse has always been open to them.

"Abstained from the use of cigarettes, of which I am very fond, for four months.

"Reduced gradually another indebtedness.

"Have endeavored to give all work, thought and care to the end of advancement.

"Have enjoyed life with but one event to mar the course of the year.

Reutlinger, Paris A NEW PORTRAIT OF DRINA DE WOLFE

"Thus much for the year just passed, and now to see what I can accomplish, and what my career and travels will be in the year to come. What a mystery is the Future!"

Once the young actor became angry with certain members of his craft. The reason therefor and a revealment of the tumult of his heart follows:

"Waddington, Aug. 22, 1894.

"For the first time in my life a question has arisen as to whether I should call on a gentleman's daughter. For some time past I have enjoyed the society and friendship of one of the most charming and beautiful girls that I have ever met, a most sensible young lady whom I admire very much. Lately, from certain signs, I have feared that her father did not relish my visits very much, as she appeared to, so I requested her to find out exactly and let me know before I would call again. This evening the young lady's father called, and as he requested me to hold the conversation strictly confidential, I will not put it in my journal, for fear some one by accident or curiosity might see it. Suffice it to say that it was one of the strangest experiences that I have ever passed through. The conversation was not concluded, and a meeting has been arranged for to-morrow, when we will continue the subject."

Now comes his tirade against certain so-called actors:

"There are so many unworthy uneducated men, talented fools, in the profession who push themselves forward on all occasions, opportune or inopportune, and become absolutely conspicuous, simply to advertise the fact that they are known as 'actors.' Such people are judged by the public as representatives of the profession, while the gentlemen, the educated, artistic members of the profession who have modesty enough and self-respect enough to discriminate, must bear the brunt of those fools and disgusting idiots whom I first mentioned. I sometimes become disgusted with my professional life on account of being associated under the same title with people who have no more right to call themselves artists than a cow walking on a fallen clothes line of calling herself a 'tight-rope artist.' I fancy the public is not to blame in calling most of the 'actors' a worthless and ill-mannered set. Why can't people strive to better their condition in whatever pursuit they may be engaged in?"

He ultimately married the young woman. It was she who brewed and served the tea.

Mr. Arbuckle wants to go on playing types in clean American plays for clean American audiences. He has in mind a half-dozen such types. One is a lawyer, another a preacher. He is writing a play about an American citizen and he has written some exquisite plantation verses. Maclyn Arbuckle's highest ambition is to retire to a country estate, to be a country gentleman, and maintain the farm by writing something worth reading. That he may do this, does not his candid journal foreshadow?

ADA PATTERSON.

Bayreuth Revisited

EXTERIOR OF RICHARD WAGNER'S THEATRE AT BAYREUTH

ISADORA DUNCAN
Who danced in "Tannhauser"

"I CAN only think that my auditors are my friends!"

This sentiment, which was expressed by Richard Wagner in the year 1852, is the law on which the Bayreuth festival was founded—an assembly of friends who, at certain seasons in this little, old, red German town, should meet together to listen to the highest musical art.

The Mayor of Bayreuth, it is said, is now working diligently to fulfill a very dear wish of the great master's—namely, that his wonderful work should be heard by all who are worthy of enjoying it. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the fund, one million marks, that is now being raised will be sufficient to enable all music-loving people, too poor to pay for tickets, to have free entrance to the "Jubilee" treat in 1913—the hundredth birthday of the master.

During the writer's present visit to Bayreuth, one is again impressed by the huge numbers of the master's admirers who, at this season, have come together to listen to his marvellous compositions. Streams of people are to be seen daily wending their way up to the red building on the hill, surrounded by groves of trees. They fill the streets of the little town, and the homes of the native artists. Favored ones are also entertained with great ceremony at the home of Siegfried Wagner, the heir of Bayreuth. As usual, on the way up to the terrace, in between elegant carriages, odd-looking vehicles are to be seen, some even so primitive as to be drawn by oxen.

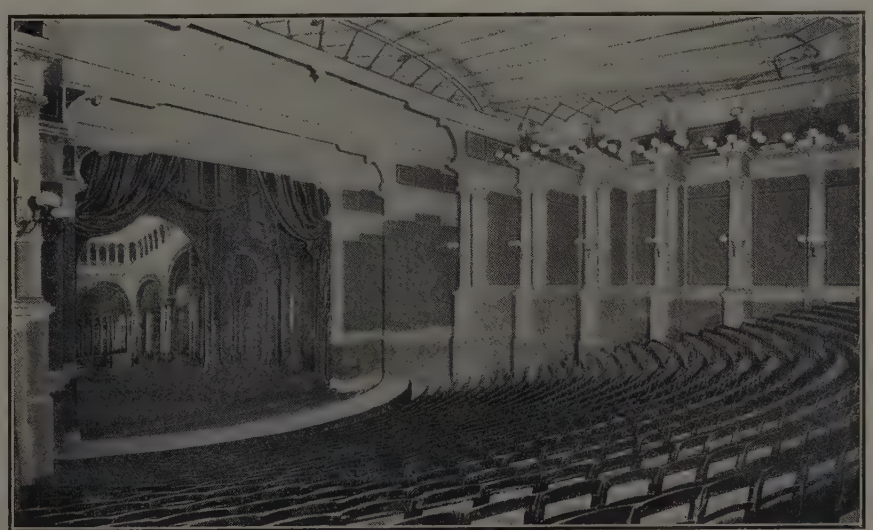
One cannot help admiring the intelligent foresight shown by Wagner in selecting this secluded little town to erect the temple devoted to the performance of his works. Here the master found complete harmony with his conceptions—harmony which could not have existed in any great centre with its rush of modern, every-day life. The festival house might as well have been built in Munich or Berlin, but then it would only have been one theatre among many others. It would have been nothing out of the common, the public would not have been different, the unique art atmosphere, now peculiar to Bayreuth and which constitutes one of its greatest charms, would have been absent. Here in its lonely solitude the home of the Music Drama must be sought out by those who profess to live by the sensations of pure art. To come there the enthusiast must free himself of his everyday surroundings and make a pilgrimage, through all sorts of difficulties, to the sanctified place.

What above all pleases at Bayreuth is the sense of artistic equality. It is not a question here of this or that great singer At Bayreuth, the smallest and the greatest work harmoniously together for the accomplishment of a unique object—the presentation of the Drama. It is impossible to find equal talent for all the rôles. That, of course, would be the ideal. But at Bayreuth the artistic sense is less shocked than elsewhere by the operatic star system.

The peculiar feature of the Bayreuth festival this year is the bare-foot dancer, Isadora Duncan, who some time ago made the conquest of Berlin. Herr Franz Stuck, it seems, an admirer of her grace and beauty, conceived the idea of making her, as it were, a picture apart, and even during this festival time at Bayreuth the serious beauty of this dancer is something quite conspicuous.

She drives about the town in an elegant carriage, drawn by two horses, and is always accompanied by a man servant, who sits with the coachman on the box, and a female companion dressed like herself in Greek costume, namely, sandals on their feet and ribbons drawn through their hair, which is dressed in Greek fashion. Only when the sun pours its beams down too warmly do either of these women wear hats upon their heads, and then always the Thessalian hat of Ismene.

The small palace where the Duncans are lodged during their present stay at Bayreuth is called "Phillipsruhe." This house stands some little distance out of the town, near the Jean Paul Villa, and at the end of the road called "Rollwenzelic."



The auditorium of Richard Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth, showing the stage set for the first act of "Parsifal"

"Phillipsruhe" is at present mostly filled with the English and American friends of the Duncans, and among them all, Miss Duncan, bare-foot, and in a peculiarly-cut costume, walks over its drawing-room carpets. On the dancer's face, so I am told, is always an expression of sadness, which does not even wholly disappear when she joins in the gay laughter of her companions.

Miss Duncan dances in "Tannhäuser," and, therefore, this opera, next to "Parsifal" and the "Nibelungen Ring," excites the greatest interest.

The stage decorations this season, thanks to Prof. Brückner-Coburg, are even more beautiful than usual, and the orchestration is wonderful, as well as the ensemble singing. The ballets, however, danced by the Vienna and Berlin ballet corps, and which show representations of "Europa on the Bull," and "Leda and the Swan," are far more Parisian than Wagnerian in type, and it strikes one as a pity that Bayreuth should have introduced anything of this style. The dance of grace is, without doubt, danced by Isadora Duncan. But, after all, even this is secondary in importance to the wonderfully illuminated Wartburg hall, or the exterior of the Wartburg (in the last act) with the singing pilgrims descending the hill; which is, indeed, so beautiful and impressive that once heard can never be forgotten.

Frau Kath. Fleischer-Edel makes a lovely Elizabeth, Krüpfer a strong and dignified Landgrave, Matray a commendable Tannhäuser, and Clarence Whitehall an excellent Wolfram, if he could only show a little more feeling.

Of "Parsifal" and "The Ring" one can only say, as usual, that there are no words in which to express their beauty, but which, invariably, serve to make the very name *Bayreuth* a dear remembrance.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

Byron, N. Y. Fiametta (Katherine Keyes) Jack (Arthur Byron)

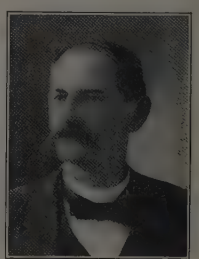
SCENES IN THE FARCE, "JACK'S LITTLE SURPRISE," LATELY AT THE PRINCESS

The Professional Play-Reader and His Uses

NEARLY every important producing theatre in New York has some person connected with it whose duty it is to read and pass judgment upon the numerous plays sent thither from all parts of the United States, Canada and England. He is known as the Reader of Plays. It may safely be assumed that among the men who fill this position no one is to be found who either is not, has not been, or does not intend to be a dramatist. It may also safely be assumed that no such person is as yet a successful dramatist, using the word successful to denote public endorsement and adequate financial reward. If he were, he would be too much occupied with his own compositions to examine the compositions of other people, excepting so far as he might deem such examination necessary as a means of replenishing his invention.

THEODORE BURT SAYRE
Play-reader for Charles Frohman

It would be useless for any manager to entrust the reading of plays to any one, however highly educated, who was unacquainted with the methods of the stage. No play intended for the stage is to be regarded from a literary standpoint, and that is the only standpoint from which a merely literary man, or a man of large general culture, but without dramatic experience, would be capable of regarding it. Literary value alone is of no value upon the stage. There we look for a story unrolled by means of continuous action, such as might, to a great extent, be related in pantomime and yet remain intelligible.



W. T. PRICE
Play-reader for the Manhattan Theatre

Lulu Glaser as Princess Mary William Pruette as Henry VIII.

SCENE IN LUDWIG ENGLANDER'S AND HARRY B. SMITH'S NEW OPERETTA, "A MADCAP PRINCESS"

But knowledge of the requirements of the drama is not gained merely by witnessing plays, or by perusing them as the ordinary layman peruses them. It is gained by writing for the stage, and thereby becoming conscious of those defects which every aspirant must correct who would become a successful dramatist. But discovering wherein one's defects consist, is a very different thing from being able to remedy them, and it is because the discovery is easier than the remedy that there are so many would-be dramatists whose work, at the best, is only respectable, or comes just short of that excellence to which, it is to be hoped, they aspire.

Miss Helen Lowell as Miss Hazy, the pessimist bride

Will T. Hodge as Mr. Stubbins, the hayseed bridegroom

TWO CHARACTERS WHO MADE A HIT IN THE NEW YORK STAGE PRODUCTION OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

Now, it is from just these ranks that the professional play-reader is usually recruited. He is a man who knows something about the art of the playwright. He knows that plays are not so much written, as built. He may even have had a number of plays produced, and some of them may have been artistically good; but whether they were or not, they were not money-makers; he has not yet become known as a successful dramatist, or you may be sure he would not be earning a not too luxurious living by reading plays. However brilliant he may be in some respects, whatever acuteness he may possess as a critic, there is something lacking in his mental organization which prevents him from giving birth to a play that the dramatic public wants. And it is conceivable that, in some instances, the weakness of human nature may prompt him to give a dishonest account of plays, encountered in his professional readings, in which he recognizes elements of success that do not exist in his own. Hence, a good play would be returned to its author with the conventional regrets that it was unsuited to the needs of the manager. Or, where the play-reader is deliberately dishonest, its situations would be carefully memorized for use the next time he (the play-reader) essayed to write a play. There have been instances in which play-readers have so betrayed the trust reposed in them as to offer to buy, at a nominal price, excellent plays submitted to them, in order that they might attach their own names to them and become their owners and reputed authors. Anybody who knows much about the secrets of play-reading is aware that in the history of the world things like this have been done, or attempted to be done; while at the same time the temptation to steal plots, stories, characters, and situations, is so great, and the opportunities so numerous, that the play reader who resists deserves canonization.

Among the numerous plays sent to a theatre are many which contain a single good scene, a single good character, or a single good idea, and nothing else that is good. They are written by people who have no conception that play-writing is an art, the mysteries of which it is difficult to fathom, and expertness in which it may take years to acquire. When the professional play-reader comes to consider plays like these, he says to himself, "Why should this scene, this character, this idea, be wasted? The author will never be able to make a proper use of it. Therefore I will take it unto myself." And take it he does. This is euphemistically termed "borrowing."

When this is proved against him—and occasionally it is proved—his counter-statement is that Shakespeare, Dumas, and other authors have done the same, seizing upon all good material everywhere and making it theirs by virtue of incorporating it with first-class matter of their own invention. They declare, and with truth, that Shakespeare habitually took two or three old plays and kneaded them into one, omitting here, adding there, and rewriting the whole so as to stamp it with his individual genius.

Not, by any means, that all play-readers are dishonest. There are, of course, conspicuous exceptions to the rule. For example, William T. Price, who reads the plays submitted to the Manhattan Theatre, is a close student of the drama and a man whose personal integrity is unassailable. His book, "The Technique of the Drama," is a precious text-book for the aspiring dramatist. Theodore Burt Sayre, who reads manuscripts for Charles Frohman, is also a dramatist of repute and experience. In most cases the play-reader is not the sole judge of the suitability of a play. The manuscript is given to him with instructions to make a report on it to the manager. The reader, in his report, describes the plot and the principal situations. The manager then takes the manuscript, and if he is at all interested in the subject he is likely to read the manuscript himself, irrespective of whether his reader commented favorably on it or not. There are several instances of play-readers having become successful dramatists. Augustus Thomas read plays for A. M. Palmer before he won fame as the author of "Alabama," so did Charles Klein for Mr. Frohman.

THE THEATRE IN SPAIN

By FERNANDO SERRANO

Scene in "The Hat with Plumes," a typical Spanish zarzuela

A Spanish actress

NOWHERE in the world is the theatre-going habit more general than in Spain, and yet, curiously enough, in no country does the Drama as an art show greater weakness and decadence. Illustrious Spanish writers, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Echegaray, Perez Galdos have contributed masterpieces to the world's drama, and in the XVI and XVII centuries the Spanish stage was the envy of the world. It successfully resisted the persecution of the Inquisition and thwarted the secular authorities who attempted to control it, yet, notwithstanding this vitality, it has gradually degenerated until now it is little more than an echo of its glorious past.

The development of the dramatic genius of the Spanish people coincided with the growth of that nation's political and military power, and declined with it. The magnificent period during which the Spanish drama was at the height of its prosperity is divided into two epochs. Cervantes (1547-1611) marks the climax of the first, and Calderon (1600-1681) that of the second. The secular theatre, in Spain as elsewhere, was a product of the religious theatre, and for centuries the ancient liturgical plays had been the only form of dramatic entertainment. In 1492 Fernando de Rojas astonished his countrymen with "La Celestina"—a story of two lovers brought together by a go-between Celestina, and who afterwards commit suicide—and this piece was the real starting point of the New Theatre. It taught the Spanish playwrights the art of dialogue and for the first time embraced all classes of society, each acting and thinking in accordance with their respective conditions in life. Rojas found many imitators, Torres Naharro, Lope de Rueda, Lucas Fernandez and Lope de Vega, the most illustrious of them all. Especially successful in the comedy of intrigue and drama based on history, Lope's great merit was that he taught his contemporaries how to build up dramatic situations and to carry on a plot.

The so-called Golden Age belongs to the XVI and XVII centuries. Cervantes achieved immortality with his "Don Quixote," and romance reached the height of its prosperity. The stage became the medium of all the memories and aspirations of the Spanish people. Biblical stories, national traditions, the chronicles of Castile and Aragon, down to daily incidents of contemporary Spanish life, escapades and nightly brawls—all these subjects were turned to dramatic account. Tirso de Molina, Juan de Alarcon, Verez de Guevara also achieved success with comedies of character, and don Pedro Calderon ended this remarkable galaxy of playwrights with a number of masterpieces. Calderon, of all Spanish dramatists, obtained most celebrity abroad and is ranked by some writers with Shakespeare.

The period of decadence set in with the reign of Charles II in 1665, and the Spanish stage never again recovered its former éclat. In the hands of second-rate imitators of Calderon the stage sank lower and lower. The romantic school founded in France in 1830 by Victor Hugo was imitated in Spain by such dramatists as Garcia Gutierrez, Hartzenbusch, Escosura, Gil y Zarate, and Zorilla in drama, and by Breton de los Herreros, Rubi and Ventura de la Vega in comedy. Romanticism has survived in the works of Echegaray and even in those of Perez Galdos, both social reformers and chiefs of the modern realistic school. The former's drama of manners, "El Gran Galeotto," and the latter's denunciation of Jesuitism, "Electra," are typical, and in their methods of denouncing social and political abuses both authors resemble Ibsen. Other successful playwrights of the psychological school have been Ferrari and Tamayo, and more recently Guimera, Feliu y Codina and Dicenta.

María Guerrero, Spain's distinguished manager-actress in two of her rôles

ADELAIDE KEIM
Leading woman with W. Warren de Witt's company of players, now appearing in Baltimore

But in spite of the magnificent repertoire and glorious traditions of his native stage the average Spaniard of to-day has little taste for the higher drama. The more thoughtful theatregoers, it is true, patronize the Teatro Español—Théâtre Français of Madrid—but most of the Spanish theatres, in Madrid as elsewhere, are given up to the *Zarzuela*, a sort of one-act musical farce enormously popular throughout the peninsula and so-called after the royal residence of La Zarzuela, where the kings of Spain had a theatre.

The *Zarzuela* was first introduced on the Spanish stage by the celebrated dramatist Lope de Rueda in the middle of the XVIth century. It is a piece in one act, sometimes in several tableaux, and consists of a medley of songs and dances, the characters being selected by preference from the lower classes, workmen or soldiers.

The theatrical companies which present these pieces travel all over the country, from town to town, carrying with them the primitive scenery called for by the repertoire. Each member of the company must act, sing, and dance, but the public does not insist upon his being an artist in any of these accomplishments, and the actors take full advantage of this tolerance.

A peculiar feature about the theatres where they present the *Zarzuela* is the division of the programme into four parts or sessions, each corresponding with a different play. Sessions are sold at the box-office like sausages at the butcher shop. For example, one theatregoer wants to see one piece, another another, and so on. Each pays only for the piece he wants to see, so that the same seat may be sold to, and occupied by, four different persons the same evening. It is very seldom that any one wants to see three sessions, and the buying of four is unprecedented.

The curtain rises about nine o'clock on the first *Zarzuela* and does not fall on the last until half-past one or two o'clock the next morning. The price of the seats is the same for each session; but it is raised when a *Zarzuela* enjoys greater popularity than usual or calls for unusual expense in scenery. In any case, it is very small. For instance, at the *Zarzuela* in Madrid, in the biggest and handsomest theatre devoted to this kind of amusement, the orchestra seats costs only 14 cents. At Sevilla or Grenada the price is lowered to 11 cents, and in less important towns it descends as low as 8 cents. The cheaper seats cost only from 3 to 5 cents.

The boxes, relatively more expensive, are occupied by the cream of Spanish society. The women come in fashionable gowns and during the intermissions chew candy which elegant young men present on bits of paper to the young girls who are the objects of their attention. Those occupying the cheaper seats seek their refreshments outside, and there they find cold fried fish and little donkeys laden with water barrels, the masters of which cry monotonously: "Water! Who wants a glass of cold water?"

A typical *Zarzuela* is "The Hat with Plumes," the plot of which is as follows: Two work girls, sisters and orphans, Juana and Pepa, have won the hearts, respectively, of regimental cornet Manolo and trumpeter Perico. The elder sister, courageous, virtuous and faithful, is entirely devoted to her fiancé. Pepa, the younger sister, however, is indiscreet enough to accept from a young swell a pair of ear-rings. Juana sees the danger and is trying to extricate her sister from the predicament when suddenly both the cornet and the trumpeter arrive, each hiding a present he is bringing his fiancé. Manolo's present is received with joy, but Perico's is disdained. Juana finally explains matters, and the lover in despair goes to mount guard at the Ministry of War. Change of scene. The trumpeter, overcome by this misfortune, forgetful of his duties, permits the Minister of War to pass by without calling out the guard. On the other hand, when he sees Pepa and his rival go by in a carriage, he loses his head, sounds the alarm, and followed by the guard and an officer dashes after the faithless sweetheart. For this exploit he gets three days in the guard-room.

The third scene brings us back to the sister's lodgings. Juana has run after the seducer, violently snatched away his prey and brought her sister back immaculate. But the cornet is filled with apprehension. Suppose the two sisters are alike! He resolves to test Juana. He sends her a hat trimmed with fine plumes,

AILLEEN MAY
Now playing a second season as leading woman in "Queen of the White Slaves"

slips into it a note signed by a false name, and concealed behind a door, watches the effect. Juana opens the box—surprise! reads the declaration—indignation! looks again at the hat—vanity. She tries it on. But duty, sustained by love, triumphs over momentary weakness, and throwing from her the tempting hat with plumes, falls in her lover's arms.

The foregoing piece is extremely popular in Spain, and is included in the repertoire of nearly all the traveling companies.

Those theatre-goers who desire more serious fare patronize the beautiful Teatro-Español, which, since 1895, has been managed by a woman—Maria Guerrero, Spain's most distinguished actress. The daughter of a well-to-do merchant, Signora Guerrero received an excellent education in a convent. She was irresistibly attracted towards the theatrical career and made her début in Madrid in 1890. Later she went to Paris and studied for some time with Coquelin. She returned to Spain and soon gained a reputation as an actress of versatility and power. In 1895, with the financial assistance of her father, she secured a lease of the Teatro-Español for ten years, and in the same year she married Signor Diaz de Mendoza, an actor of noble descent. Maria Guerrero's repertoire is extensive, including all the great classic rôles, and she has been as successful in comedy as in tragedy.

Under her intelligent direction the Teatro-Español has taken rank among the leading playhouses of the world. It occupies an imposing building in the heart of the capital, and one of its premières is an artistic event of the first importance. The theatrical season in Madrid being exceedingly short, Mme. Guerrero has made money in other directions by undertaking extensive tours through the Spanish provinces and Europe, and in 1897 even South America was visited with considerable success. The repertoire of her company includes nearly all the classics, most of the important modern Spanish dramatists and a large number of adaptations from foreign plays, particularly from the French. Recently performances have been given of "La Dama Boba" (The Stupid Girl), a very popular play by Lope de Vega, "El Desden con el Desden," a piece by Moreto, and "Casa con dos Puertas, mala es de Guardar," by Calderon. The story of "The Stupid Girl" is this: Two sisters, one a blue stocking, the other little better than an idiot, are courted by two love-sick youths. Unfortunately, each admirer has selected the wrong sister. Cupid, however, sets the matter right and the stupid girl actually recovers her wit, thanks to he who has touched her heart. Mme. Guerrero excels in rôles of this character.

Otto Sarony Co.

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF DAVID WARFIELD

This artistic character actor is now appearing in a new play by Charles Klein entitled "The Music Master"

By contrast comes the drama, "Tierra Baja," by Angel Guimera. A landowner has taken a peasant girl for mistress. Later he wants to marry, and gets rid of his paramour by wedding her to a dull-witted shepherd. But the village gossips open the latter's eyes, and he is so enraged that he almost kills the woman. Meantime, a change of feeling has come over the wife. Married against her will, her hatred against her husband diminishes. He, after all, is her natural protector, and gradually she is filled with loathing for her old-time lover. And when the peasant, resenting a fresh insult, stretches her seducer dead at her feet, she flees with him to the mountains. An English version was seen on the American stage last season under the title, "Marta of the Lowlands."

Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen

Millicent Moone

My dear William Faversham:

I have read somewhere, I think it was in one of Brander Matthews' books—you know Mr. Matthews? the virgin-bearded professor at Columbia, who tells you how to write successful plays and how to discern merit in acting—I think it is he who said: "All the great actors were small men." Small in stature, he meant; and then he cites the Elder Booth and Edmund Kean, Charles Kean, Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. And now that the point is brought home to me I begin to realize that many of our leading players are undersized. But you and "Jimmy" Hackett must be the exceptions which prove the rule. Both of you are well over six feet, and no one, I know, not even the most perverse or embittered critic, will other than admit that you two are also equally great in your art. What a distinction to physically soar into the empyrean and to tower mentally amid the heights of learning and genius! Oh, what a blessing it is to possess beauty and brains and yet what a responsibility! Those Titian locks of yours are one of your happiest points in my estimation. You, too, are one of the fortunate actors whom the rigors and vagaries of our climate have not robbed of their hair. My brother—he's the one who knows so many professionals and who poses as a "knocker," says he is not in the least surprised that you've not become bald. "Any man," he declares, "who massages his back hair for three hours during the performance every night and Saturday matinee, ought to have a shock that would make a Sutherland sister sit up and apply lotion for a week." Talk about women saying nasty things about their own sex, why, I never saw the man yet who didn't turn green with envy when another man's good looks were mentioned. He says at the club they call you "The Blue Ribbon Hackney Actor," because you have such superb knee action; and that you are a graduate of the "Haute Ecole" of acting. I should think there would be a fight on at that club every night, and that no one would ever be on speaking terms with any one else.

JAMES KYRLE McCURDY
A popular member of the Thanhouser Company in Milwaukee

What a great personal satisfaction it must be to be a romantic player; to live daily, if only for a few brief hours, where the soul rises above the petty commercial exactions of life and the spirit finds an outlet in the expression of beautiful thoughts couched in the language of poesy! I should think you'd never be content to play anything but Romeos and Don Cæsars. I am crazy to hear you make love; they say there is a tremolo of passion in your fervid utterances that makes a matinee girl forget home and mother.

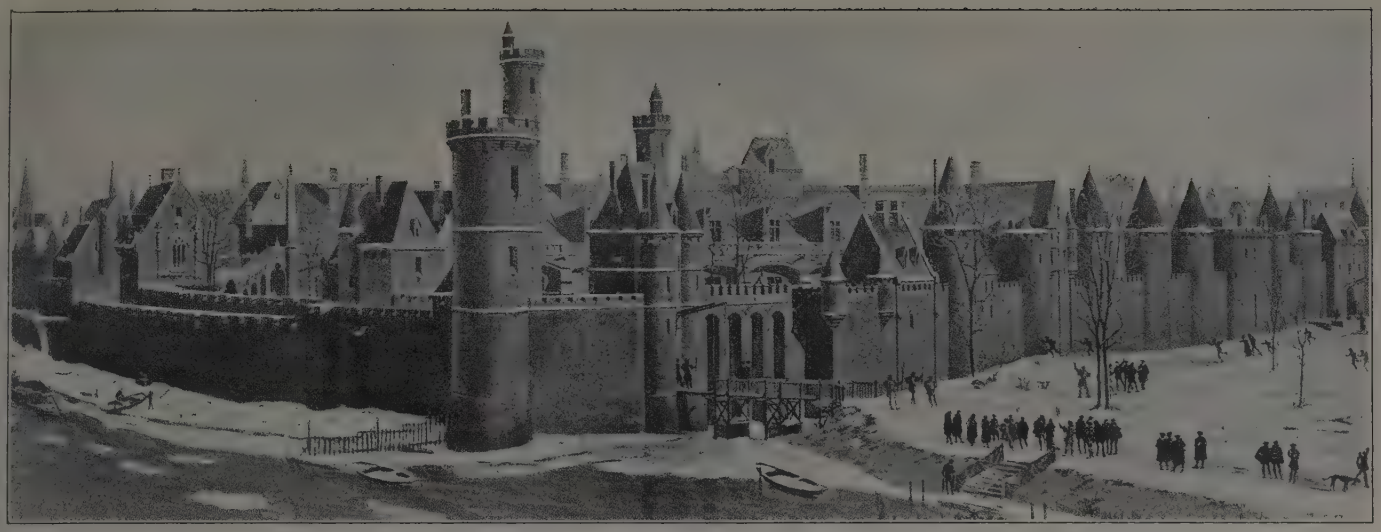
Schloss, N. Y. MAX FIGMAN
Now playing the leading male rôle in "The Marriage of Kitty"

I was perfectly enchanted with that picture of you and your wife published in a recent issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. I mean the one depicting you as haymakers on your place in England. I think your wife's costume so charming. Why should people when they work wear their old clothes and look like frights? I'm glad to see that she and Marie Antoinette have the proper idea of retaining the real picturesquesness of a situation. As for your picture, Mr. Faversham, feeding that horse—how tame he must be, eating right out of your hand—I think it is just the cutest I ever saw. You look like the real "Maister of Woodbarrow Farm." I hear you are acting in a piece by Mr. Pinero called "Letty." Why don't you, though, to show your versatility and home training, get Mr. Charlie Frohman to make arrangements with Denman Thompson and alternate you with the Pinero drama as Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead." As they say in the bucolic drama, "By Gosh, I believe it 'd draw." There is a rumor along the Rialto that you are tired of shining on the stage, and regret the halcyon days when, after leaving aristocratic Harrow, you held a commission in one of her late Majesty's crack cavalry regiments. But I hope this is only a canard.

William Faversham

Your sincere friend,
MILLICENT MOONE.

———Academy for Young Ladies,
———On-the-Hudson.



Scene of Alexandre Dumas' famous melodrama, "La Tour de Nesle," shortly to be performed in New York by French players

French Players to Invade New York

F. Cazelles

DURING the last fifteen years numerous attempts have been made by Frenchmen and others to duplicate the success of the German Theatre here and to establish in New York City a company of French actors presenting the classic, standard and new French plays in the French language. In a vast metropolis like New York—the most cosmopolitan city in its tastes and population in the world—with its thousands of wealthier citizens, speaking and understanding the French language, with its ten thousand resident Frenchmen, probably only too eager to see the great plays of their native drama acted in a competent manner, it is strange that until now no serious effort has been made to give French performances really worthy to be called representative of the first stage in the world.

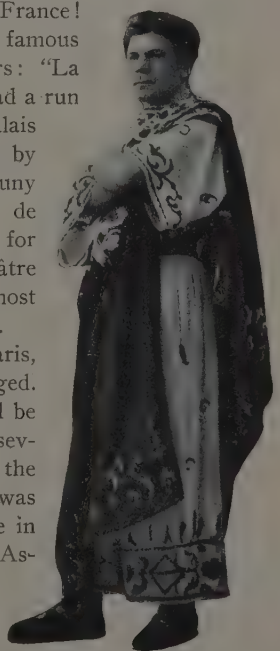
It is true that we have seen here Mme. Réjane, M. Coquelin, Mme. Bernhardt, even M. Mounet-Sully, but these distinguished artists came only as visiting stars and with supporting companies more or less unsatisfactory. Moreover, during their respective engagements prohibitive prices prevailed at the box-offices. The first-class all-round French stock company as it exists in all its perfection at the Comédie Française and at the theatres of the Boulevards has never been seen here. Last season the appearance at the little Vaudeville Theatre of Mme. Charlotte Wiehe and company as a French organization was a dismal failure. The truth was that Mme. Wiehe, exquisite artiste though she be, is not French, but Danish, her company was mediocre and her plays of not the slightest importance. This season a wholly different effort will be made to give good French performances in New York. F. Cazelles, a well-known French manager, has decided to invade New York at once with a first class stock company of which even Paris might be jealous. He has leased the American Theatre in 42d Street for a period of four weeks, beginning Monday, October 10.

Mme. Renot in "L'Assommoir"

The list of plays to be performed is most interesting, not from the viewpoint of absolute novelty, for none of the pieces scheduled is new—but because the list represents, in addition to the classic repertoire, such as Molière's most famous comedy, "Tartuffe," a selection of the greatest successes of the French stage during the last half century. When you speak to a Frenchman of such dramas as "Le Bossu," "La Tour de Nesle," "Martyre," "Marie Jeanne," you conjure up what were probably the most vivid impressions he has ever received in the theatre. "Le Bossu," a drama in five acts and twelve tableaux, was written by Paul Féval. "La Tour de Nesle," drama in five acts and nine tableaux, is the most celebrated of the plays by Alexandre Dumas, the elder. Those other two famous melodramas, "Martyre" and "Marie Jeanne," are the best works of Adolphe d'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans." Neither piece has been seen in this country and yet what an ocean of tears has each caused to flow in France!

In lighter vein we have three equally famous comedies, also by distinguished authors: "La Boule," by Meilhac and Halévy, which had a run of nearly three years at the Théâtre du Palais Royal; "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," by Labiche, one of the greatest of the Cluny Theatre successes; "Bébé," by Emile de Najac and Alfred Hennequin, which for many a month held the boards of the Théâtre du Gymnase, and "Denise," one of the most celebrated plays of Alexandre Dumas fils.

The company will come direct from Paris, where each member was especially engaged. The leading feminine emotional rôles will be taken by Mme. Delphine Renot, who for several years has been a great favorite at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. Mme. Renot was selected by Sardou for an important rôle in "Thermidor," and later by Zola for "L'Assommoir." One of her greatest successes, however, was as Mme. Sans Gêne, which she has played more than



M. Dulac in "Quo Vadis"

200 times. She is a pupil of Talien, and has acted on the boards of nearly every theatre in Paris. She was decorated by the French government in 1896, and the Czar also sent her a decoration after a visit to St. Petersburg, where she played Mme. Sans Gêne at the Imperial Theatre. M. Jean Dulac, who will play the corresponding male rôles, was a pupil of Féraudy, and made his début at the Théâtre National de l'Odéon. The poet, Jean Richepin, selected him to play the title rôle in his idyllic drama, "Le Chemineau," and he continued playing this part for nearly three years. Afterwards he was engaged to understudy Coquelin in the rôle of Jean Bart, and later he was seen in "Richelieu," "Quo Vadis," etc.

M. CHARNY
Stage director

The leading feminine high comedy rôles will be acted by Mlles. Annie Milliares and Coralie Arnaud. Mlle. Milliares is a pupil of Delaunay, and made her début at the Théâtre du Gymnase. Later, she was entrusted with such important rôles as Claire in "Le Maître de Forges." Serge Panine, Marguerite Gauthier, etc., etc. More recently she appeared with Réjane at the Vaudeville with great success. Mlle. Arnaud graduated from the Paris Conservatoire with first prize for tragedy and comedy.

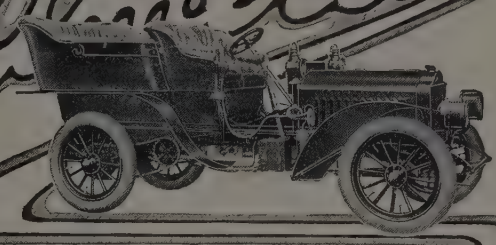
The male comedy rôles will be played by MM. Bréant, Charny, Béranger and Cosset. M. Bréant, after graduating from the Conservatoire, made his début at the Théâtre du Gymnase, where he immediately attracted attention in such plays as "l'Abbé Constantin," "Dora," "Comtesse Sarah," etc. M. Charny is a pupil of Got, professor at the Paris Conservatoire. He acted for some time at the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, later making tours with his own company in the French provinces. For the past few years he has devoted most of his time to stage management, and ranks among the best play producers of the Paris stage. He will act in this capacity during the engagement of the Cazelles company at the American Theatre in New York. M. Béranger has played on the boards of the fashionable Théâtre de la Bodinière, the Théâtre Mondain, and at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. M. Cosset made his début at the Ambigu in 1893, and later was engaged to support Mme. Laurent.

M. F. Cazelles, to whose enterprise is due the forthcoming French season in New York, is prominent among the successful French theatre managers of to-day. A graduate of the Conservatoire and of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, M. Cazelles began his career as a sculptor. Gifted with a fine tenor voice, he soon deserted sculpture for the operatic stage, appearing with great success. At one time he was in negotiations with Mr. Grau to come to New York, but soon he left the stage to devote himself entirely to theatrical management. Previous to this he had been employed as stage manager in the leading Paris and provincial theatres, and in 1887 he was engaged as stage manager at the French Opera House in New Orleans for a season of four months, staging during this period no less than forty-six different operas. This season proved unprecedently successful, the receipts being over $120,000.

After the successive disasters of the last few years under other management, the proprietors of the Opera House, finally selected M. Cazelles as the only man capable of putting the opera on a paying basis. He was willing to sign a contract, but only on condition of its being made for five years. If successful, the present engagement will be followed by another visit to New York next Spring with a repertoire of entirely new plays.

The above artists are, M. Breant, Mlle. Milliares, Mlle. Arnaud, M. Béranger, M. Cosset, Mlle. Murger, Mlle. Costard, M. Joubert, M. Perrin, Mlle. D'Hamy, Mlle. Darlanges, M. Dorban, M. Dane, Mlle. Sartres, M. Raymond, M. Roze

Columbia



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With Standard Tonneau Body - - -	$4,000
" Side Entrances, Wood Body - -	4,200
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Mammoth Amusement Park

A project for a new amusement park like Luna Park and Dreamland, but on a more elaborate scale, is on foot. It is to be managed by the International Amusement Exposition Co., and if the plans are carried out, it will be opened at Manhattan Beach next year.

The project has been planned by a Frenchman, Albert Baré, after a careful study of Coney Island's various places of amusement and St. Louis' "Pike." His idea was not to copy or imitate those places, but simply to find out what features in each pleased the public most. He said to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative:

"With the exception of a few novelties, most of the attractions are the same old shows that have been presented since the Chicago World's Fair. They are played out, and the public is tired of them. No Exposition could live without the concessions of side shows. The revenue from these is as much, if not more, than the admissions to the Exposition itself. So why not have an exposition of amusements, but real amusements, novelties, the most sensational attractions to be found in the world, and instead of wasting money on Palaces of Manufactures—Electricity—Varied Industries—Liberal Arts, etc., let us have such exhibition in the respective villages of different countries of the world, real manufactures which will be offered for sale to the public. The reproduction of those villages must be perfectly correct as to style and architecture, landscape, customs, life, etc. Then also will be seen all kinds of amusements.

"It will be managed like any other exposition. A jury will be selected for the awards, but many defects of the other expositions will be avoided, because at the head of each department will be a competent and experienced man.

"What city on earth is better situated than New York for such an exposition, and what location could offer more advantages than Manhattan Beach with its 2,000 feet front on the ocean, the water of which may be utilised in a in a thousand attractive ways? In London the exposition at Earls Court has been a success for the last ten years, and it is not such a good location as Manhattan Beach.

"To give some idea of the attractions we shall offer here are a few:

"Niagara Falls: Perfect reproduction of one of Nature's grandest spectacles. It will be actual size and situated in front of the ocean. Millions of gallons of water will be drawn from the ocean each day to feed it, but returned immediately. In the centre of the falls, in the grotto, a theatricall stage will be erected, and here performances (ballet with 300 dancers, etc.) will be given. The water will stop running over the falls when the performance is in progress, and will fall again as soon as it is over, acting in that way as a novel curtain. A beautiful colored projection will be thrown from the bridge of the Illuminated Palace.

"The Illuminated Palace will be located on a bridge. It will be built of glass of all kinds, colors and lighted with electricity.

"Venice: A great reproduction of the famous water town, with its streets, canals, the plaza San Marco, monster spectacular with 600 artists on the stage, gondolas, floats, barges, water pageant of the most wonderful color effect. The streets of Venice will be occupied by manufactures and merchants of glass mosaics, furniture, etc. The ride in gondolas will go through Venice, Naples, near Vesuvius, the Riviera at Monte Carlo, the Danube. the Rhine, the trip running about thirty minutes in the open air.

"Special days will be selected for Water Carnivals, and prizes will be given to those who decorate best their gondolas or launches.

"Alpine Villages: A series of villages from Switzerland, Tyrol, Italy, Austria and Germany will be reproduced with the mountains, glaciers, rivers, floral landscape, etc., inhabitants seen at their pursuits as in the country.

"Russian Village: A Russian village will be connected with the Alpine towns to give a perfect reproduction of a trip by the Transiberian

(*Continued on page vii.*)

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Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. A high-class preparation in every way. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and dandruff disappears. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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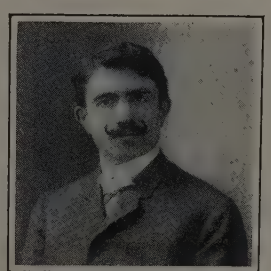
My hair coloring Mixture Vegetale, perfectly harmless; all shades, easy to apply, does not rub off



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(Continued from page v.)

Railroad, which will be done by a miniature railway crossing the mountains at their summits.

"Other attractions will be: Mount Vesuvius in eruption every night and visible for miles round. Japan—beautiful gardens and tea houses with dancing geishas. China, Ceylon, the Philippines, Egypt, Turkey, Central Africa, Central America will all have their villages. A typical Dutch village will be built on piles in water. Monte Carlo will be seen with its tables, but without the gambling. There ill be restaurants of all nationalities with their respective styles of cooking. Also reproductions of tne Moulin Rouge of Paris and a typical Parisian café. There will be a Spanish hippodrome, a 'Pike,' Toyland with a fairy village reproducing the fairy tales, Concerts night and day, while in the evening millions of electric lights will make the place a marvel of fanciful illumination.

"The Exposition will run 100 days every year, from June to September. The transportation will be by Rapid Transit, L. I. R. R., and all street cars from Brooklyn, and C. I. lines. Five million dollars will be expended."

There is a story told of a duel between a French dramatic author and his critic, the latter being a first-rate shot. After the author had fired and missed, the journalist aimed accurately at his adversary's hat, and pierced it with the utmost precision. Whereupon the dramatist flew into a violent rage, protested that it was unfair, and exclaimed:—

"If you had told me what you were going to do, I would have put on an old hat."

The River Mississippi boasts a floating theatre capable of holding 1,000 people. Alongside the river towns occur every thirty or forty miles or less, giving ample time to steam from one to the other without missing a single performance. By the aid of a steam hooter it gives ample warning of its approach. The audience awaits it on the bank, and almost before the anchor is down everything is ready to begin. The opera boat gives, it is said, performances of the highest class, and thinks nothing of producing "Faust" in the middle of the Mississippi.

One of the most extraordinary competitions which have ever taken place was attempted the other week in Baltimore. Six unhappy creatures were placed on a platform, each of them opposite a grand piano, and a prize was given to the performer who played the longest at a stretch. It was not necessary that the six performers should give the same music; so long as they rendered what the programme calls "intelligent music" it was considered satisfactory. The winner played fifty hours. He lost four pounds in weight, and had to be attended by several doctors on the conclusion of the performance. The most striking fact is that five members of the audience sat it out.—*Tit Bits.*

Franz Adam Beyerlein is at present the most popular author in Germany. His novel, "Sedan oder Jena," has already made a bookselling record for that country. The total receipts are said to have so far exceeded $265,000, the author's share being some $17,500. His play, "Zapfenstreich," has been performed close upon a hundred times at the Lessing Theatre in Berlin, for which he is said to have already received from $10,000 to $15,000 in fees. Herr Beyerlein was a rich man before he became a successful author. He is thirty-one years of age, and lives in Leipsic. He was formerly a lawyer.

Henry Arthur Jones is one of the busiest of British dramatists. Since his first great success with the ever-popular "Silver King," away back in the early eighties, he has produced between thirty and forty plays, hardly a year of the twenty having passed without some new work from his pen being one of its theatrical features. Like many other well-known people in the dramatic world, he was intended for a commercial career. His father was a Buckinghamshire farmer in a small way, and young Jones began life as a commercial traveler. So successful was he that at twenty-one he had saved enough to get married upon, and it was not until some ten years afterwards that he gave up commerce for the stage.

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QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

Q.—"What was the name and who was the composer of the song sung by Miss Loretta Healy in the revival of Clyde Fitch's play 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre during the week of June 6th, 1904?"

A.—We do not know.

Q.—"What will Bessie Wynne play this Fall, and at what theatre?"

A.—Probably in "The Wizard of Oz."

Q.—"Will you kindly let me know in your next issue of THE THEATRE the date of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's engagement in Philadelphia, also the length of time her engagement lasts in that city?"

A.—She appears in Philadelphia in November; how long, we cannot say.

Q.—(1) "Kindly inform me whether there are any offices in your city where stage positions may be obtained; if there are, where, etc., etc.?"

A.—There are none in this city that are responsible for any one that has not had any stage experience. If you are a recognized actor, any of the many dramatic agencies do that work.

Q.—(2) "Would letters of introduction give a more ready audience with stage managers?"

A.—A letter of introduction would be of no use if you are not an actor.

Q.—(3) "Have you any one connected with THE THEATRE MAGAZINE who places or might be able to place men in casts?"

A.—THE THEATRE MAGAZINE does not do that business.

Q.—(4) "Can you give me the present addresses of the following: J. K. Hackett, David Belasco, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Tim Murphy, Joseph Jefferson and Amelia Bingham?"

A.—J. K. Hackett's address is care of Mr. W. N. Lawrence, Daly's Theatre Building; E. H. Sothern will be in San Francisco in October; Mr. Belasco can be addressed at the Belasco Theatre, this city; Tim Murphy, Richard Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson and Amelia Bingham are traveling.

Q.—"What is the required physical fitness of the average dramatic actor; take, for instance, such actors as Mansfield, Sothern, Gillette, and others? Could you state approximately their height, weight, etc?"

A.—Height and weight does not secure success for an actor. Many of our most successful actors have been five feet eight and weigh 150 pounds, while many others are five feet ten and weigh 185 pounds. The actors you mention are about five feet ten.

Q.—(1) "Would you tell me if Anna Held is at present in France or New York, and at what theatre?"

A.—The lady is now in New York City, and is one of the members of the company that opens at Weber & Field's old place.

Q.—(2) "Did Richard Mansfield create as great a stir in San Francisco as some Eastern papers say?"

A.—Mr. Mansfield's California engagement is said to have been a very successful one.

Q.—(3) "Was Mrs. Brown Potter associated with Kyrle Bellew and any of his recent productions?"

A.—This actress was seen with Kyrle Bellew about seven years ago, but not more recently.

Q.—"Will you kindly inform me if Miss Lillian Lawrence is going to play with the Prov. Albee Stock Co. during the season of 1905?"

A.—She talks of a starring tour next season.

Q.—"Will you please tell me the name of the actor who starred in 'The Helmet of Navarre' about three years ago, also his name in the play?"

A.—Charles Dalton was the star, and the name of the character was Count Etienne de Mar.

Q.—"Please tell me which is the best dramatic school in the United States, in the world, and which gives the best positions."

A.—See our advertising columns. We cannot recommend any particular school.

A violin owned by a resident in North London consists of the greater part of a human skull, over which is stretched a piece of sheepskin acting as the sound-board. The finger-board is formed of a human thigh-bone, whilst the pegs were once the small bones of the hand of a South African native.

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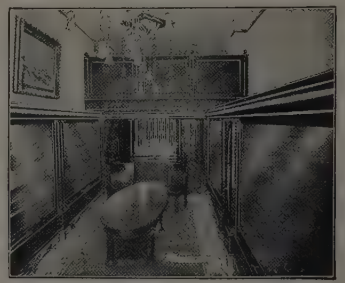

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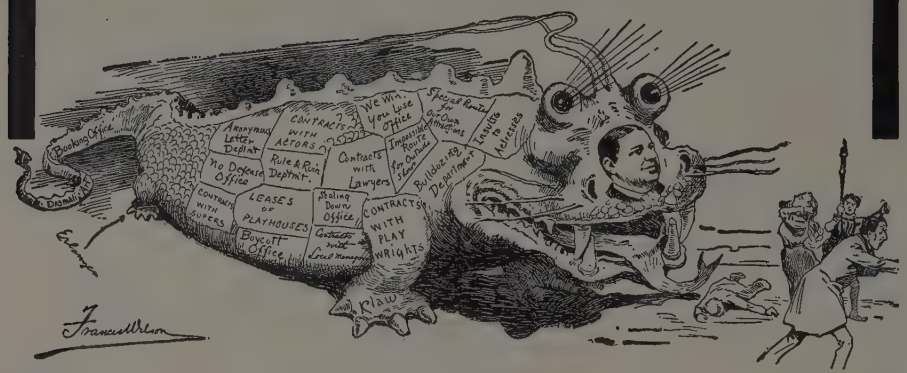

BEGINS IN

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR OCTOBER

FOUR years ago Francis Wilson, the comedian, drew this cartoon, which was published in the New York World. The Theatrical trust was then in its infancy. To-day it has its grip on almost every important theatre, as it owns almost every important actor, Mr. Wilson included. Newspapers like advertising and newspaper critics are afraid to speak out.

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been nearly two years getting the materials for this dramatic story. They are gathered now, and the first article in the series will appear in the October number. The articles are astonishingly but perfectly accurate. They name names, and show how six speculators are to-day in a position to dictate the amusements of the American people.

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DISCOMFORTS OF A GIANT

"Now, in the show's winter quarters, where we had everything especially arranged for his comfort," said the old circus man, "the greatest of all giants suffered no inconvenience whatever on account of his size.

"He had his own room specially built and arranged for him, with ample floor space, and carried up through two stories of the house in height, and with his own specially built bedstead, with the bedding and the sheets and blankets all of such length that they were perfectly convenient and comfortable for him; so that there he lived practically just as a man of ordinary height would live anywhere, and in fact there he had never really had any occasion to give his extraordinary stature a thought.

"But in that winter when, for the sake of the great money there was in it, we tried taking him on the road to show in halls, he had some very different experiences. On the road in summer, you understand, when he slept under canvas, and had, so to speak, his own house, which we set up for him wherever we stopped, it was all right and he had plenty of room; but in winter, when he couldn't sleep out of doors and we had to put at such hotels as we found, why then he had no end of discomforts.

"I've told you, I guess, about how in some houses the dining room wouldn't be high enough between joints for him to sit up in and he'd have to sit at a table placed out in the hall with his head and shoulders up in the stair well, and more than once he had to sleep in two connecting rooms—no room in the house big enough for him—his bed being made up stretching through the open door between, so that he slept partly in one room, and partly in another. It was an experience of this sort that finally made the old man decide not to show the giant any more in winter.

"Of course, when we travelled that way in the winter season we always took along the giant's bed and bedding; that is, we took a sectional bedstead that we had built for the purpose, and sectional mattresses, and with his regular blankets. But one night, when it came time to be looking after the giant's sleeping arrangements, we found that while the bedstead and matresses had come along all right from the last town we showed at, the box of blankets hadn't showed up!

"Now, there was a situation for you. There

(*Continued on page xi.*)

Opium Dens in New York
IN SEPTEMBER
BROADWAY MAGAZINE

is one of a dozen out-of-the-ordinary, specially illustrated articles contained in this number. This article is by Mrs. E. W. Whittemore, a wealthy New York society woman, who has devoted her life and fortune to rescue work amongst the young girls in the Opium Dens of Chinatown. This article should be especially interesting to the student of sociology :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

Other articles are: Russell Sage as a Philanthropist, Miss Jane Oaker-The Millionaire Actress, How to perform some simple tricks in Magic, From the Horse Show to the Stage, The Girl Art Student in New York, Masonic Degrees at Cut Rates.

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(*Continued from page x.*)

was plenty of blankets, of course, to be had in his hotel, but it would take three blankets of ordinary size to cover up the giant comfortably engthwise, to say nothing of ordinary blankets being too narrow for him; and then the giant was sometimes a restless sleeper, and so these sectional blankets might easily roll off and there was danger of his taking cold.

"To cap the climax this all came when we were stopping in a hotel where the giant would have to sleep in two rooms! But of course we had to make the best of it, and what we did was to detail two men to set up with the giant, one in each room, and keep him well covered up, and if he kicked off his blankets in the night, to put 'em back; one man in one room to look out for the giant's shoulders and one in the other room to look out for his legs and feet; and then the two between them were to see to the blankets stretching over him through the door between the two rooms, to keep that all right.

"But it didn't work. The giant was a stickler for fresh air. In his own room at home in winter quarters he always had a window open, and he insisted on it here, or on having a window open in his head section room, anyway. But he didn't object to having the windows closed in the other room, and he didn't make any objection to keeping a fire in the stove in that room.

"The upshot of all this was that before the night was half over both the men that were looking out for him got settled down in that room by the stove, around the giant's feet and legs and went to sleep.

"Along somewhere in the middle of the night the giant got restless and rolled the blankets off from his shoulders and rolled around finally enough to wake up the man who should have been in there ready to look out for him there, but who was really sitting in by the stove in the other room; and when this man got up he had to go out into the hall and around to get into the head room, and that stirred the giant up some more, and then the giant rolled his middle section blanket off.

"The man in the head room got the giant's shoulder blanket fixed all right, and then the two men, standing one in one room and one in the other, tried to spread that middle section blanket over him again; and they were getting along pretty well with this till the man at the foot room end, reaching over too far to push the blanket down on the opposite side, slipped and fell and came down with all his weight square across the giant's body.

"The giant woke and jumped up all at once, or he tried to jump up, but he didn't get very far. He'd forgotten where he was and banged his head against the ceiling and was knocked back before he'd got half straightened up, falling on his bed with a bang that shook the house from roof to cellar and scared the two men that were looking after him pretty much out of their senses.

"And then the giant tried again, before he thought, and was knocked back again, making the old hotel fairly rock from top to bottom; and by this time, as you can imagine, the whole house was awake and trembling and wondering what was coming next.

"But the old man, you can bet, didn't have to think twice to know where the trouble was, and he was in the giant's rooms and soothing him down in a minute, and getting him snugly covered up again, and then the old man himself looked after him for the rest of the night.

"The giant didn't suffer anything particular from this experience. He found in the morning that he had caught a little cold, but he didn't suffer from it, and in the morning the box of blankets came along all right, and we could have gone on with the tour.

"But the old man said no, we wouldn't do it, we wouldn't take any risk at all, not with the giant, in another experience of that sort he might catch cold and die, and so we headed straight for home, where the giant could sleep in his own regular bed and have blankets big enough to cover him.

"And as a matter of fact, he never took the road again in winter."—*New York Sun.*

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WHO ARE FIRST NIGHTERS?

What makes a person a first nighter beyond the habit of going to theatres on first nights? The first nighter of the masculine sex may be a man belonging to the best clubs, an actor out of employment, a bookmaker, a gambler, a divorce lawyer or a dealer in artificial flowers and feathers. Or he may be just an ordinary, commonplace man of business, with nothing to connect him with the theatre except the enthusiasm for going to first nights.

The first night crowd changes from year to year, as the less virulently attacked victims recover from the microbe. Three regulars are an architect, an art dealer, and a man of wealth whose hardest work is to keep his figure. These three are known as the "Three Guardsmen" and are seen at every first night performance that offers any promise of especial excellence in the show girl line.

The first nighter as a woman offers equal variety. She may be in society or she may be an unemployed actress. She may have been graduated from the stage after a few weeks in the chorus, or she may be the wife of a bookmaker.

Sometimes she is the wife of the inconspicuous business man who for one reason or another wants to acquire the reputation of being a first nighter and joins the army for a longer or shorter period.

There was a time in the earlier history of New York when first night audiences had a social character that made them distinctive. This was especially true of the first nights at Wallack's old theatre, at Thirteenth street and Broadway. Lester Wallack was then a member of the Union Club, and many of the men he knew personally made it a habit to attend the first nights at his theatre. It was not until the uptown theatre was opened that this feature of the Wallack first nights disappeared.

At Daly's Theatre during the period of its greatest prosperity, when Ada Rehan and John Drew were at the head of the stock company, there was always more or less social distinction to the audiences on first nights. The same is true of the audiences at any theatre in which Elsie de Wolfe appears and draws out the large number of friends she has in New York; at Richard Mansfield's opening performances, at Eleanora Duse's and at Maude Adams's first nights.

But, as a rule, the New York first night gathering of the present has the social element less emphatically marked than any other. It may in ordinary cases be sporty, literary or flashy. But it is very rarely brilliant from a social point of view.

The special performance, of course, has its effect on the audience that gathers to start it off. In the days of her brief stellar career, Della Fox was able to draw out the essence of the Tenderloin. It used to be said that the Tenderloin began to dress for her first nights by 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and that there was not a soul in the flat from 8 o'clock until 11. It is certain that she drew a first night audience distinct from all others.

Lillian Russell in her days of stardom had a somewhat similar audience, but it was never so characteristic as that which Della Fox used to face whenever she had a new play.

Nowadays the Rogers Brothers get this public. They usually begin to act here when the racing season is on, and the tracks contribute their crowds. The Tenderloin supplies the feminine element, which is varied by the presence of a few actresses and the wives of men who are first nighters merely from a desire to be in the push.

For first night performances most of the managers have a regular list of persons for whom tickets are reserved. These persons may get on the list by asking to have their names put there, which, of course, makes social exclusiveness out of the question. The managers never know whether the applicants are persons of social distinction.

Nowadays no theatre has any following that assures it a distinguished first night gathering on all occasions, as old Wallack's used to have. The public goes where the particular actor or

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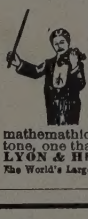

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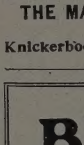

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actress in whom it is interested happens to be playing.

In addition to the regular old guard at a first night must be noted the friends of the actress who may be numerous enough to give the gathering a distinctive quality. Before Elsie de Wolfe became a star she was always able to attract enough society people to make the first night audience gathered to see every play in which she acted very much smarter than the average.

First night audiences are freakish. When a most representative gathering is expected a very mongrel gathering may turn up.

The last time Sir Henry Irving played here he opened in "Robespierre" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and it was expected that he would play to an audience of the kind that usually welcomes him here. But instead a crowd turned up such as might have been expected to greet the Rogers Brothers. Nobody could tell just how this happened.

Eleanora Duse when she came to act here last year in the d'Annunzio plays, drew a very intellectual audience on her first appearance, but it was not in the least fashionable, while Madame Réjane when she was here played to very small audiences, but a list of the spectators would have read like the guests at a fashionable entertainment.—*New York Sun.*

A THEATRE RIOT IN LONDON

IT is a tradition in England that if the theatre-goer does not like a play he has as much right to express disapproval as the man who likes it has to applaud. This has often resulted in lively theatre riots. A disturbance of this kind occurred in London a few weeks ago on the occasion of the production by Sir Charles Wyndham at the New Theatre of Arthur Law's new comedy, "The Bride and Bridegroom." The hostility of the gallery appears to have been aroused by the leading female part in the play having been withdrawn from Miss Terry-Lewis. It is even hinted in some quarters that the actress herself organized the opposition, but Sir Charles Wyndham insists that Miss Terry-Lewis left his company through illness, and that they parted the best of friends. The London *Stage* contains the following account of the affair:

"After the neat and effective finish to the third act there was a round of 'boos' from a section of the gallery, serving as a premonition of the trouble later on. At the end, after the company had appeared, loud cries broke out from many of the galleryites. The curtain was raised again, showing Sir Charles Wyndham in the midst of his company. From the gallery came loud and continuous shouts of 'No speech!' 'We don't want the piece!' 'Take it off!' 'Don't ask for the verdict!' 'Turn out the lights!' 'Send the policeman out of the gallery!' There was a great deal of counter applause from all parts of the house, and Sir Charles, stepping forward, motioned as if to speak. The clamor continued. Sir Charles promptly escorted the ladies of the company from the stage, and directed the gentlemen to the wings. Taking up a position before the footlights, he was vigorously cheered by the stalls and circle and half the gallery. For a time he could not get a single word in; and so great was the interruption and din that from first to last he was contending with his opponents for twenty minutes, the sum of his remarks being, as will be seen, very small. During a temporary lull he interjected the words, 'Ladies, I apologize for those gentlemen upstairs.' Terrific uproar followed, and many vituperative remarks. 'Fair play, Wyndham!' was shouted, and 'Fair play to me!' said Sir Charles. Then came cries of 'Terry-Lewis! Terry-Lewis! why didn't you give her the part?' Ignoring the inquiry, Sir Charles proceeded: 'With regard to what I can only consider this national calamity peculiar to first nights, I want to assure all my "friends" who have been so vigorously ——' Here Sir Charles was interrupted by renewed shouts of 'Terry-Lewis!' 'You're a liar!' 'You're a villain!' Sir Charles retorted, 'Rather rough upon a lady, isn't it, to introduce her name into the discussion? I want to say a few words to those responsible for this organized opposition.' Hereat boos, yells and cries: 'You always hated the gallery!' 'Liar!' 'Rotter!' 'How about organized applause?' 'Turn down the lights and let

(*Continued on next page.*)

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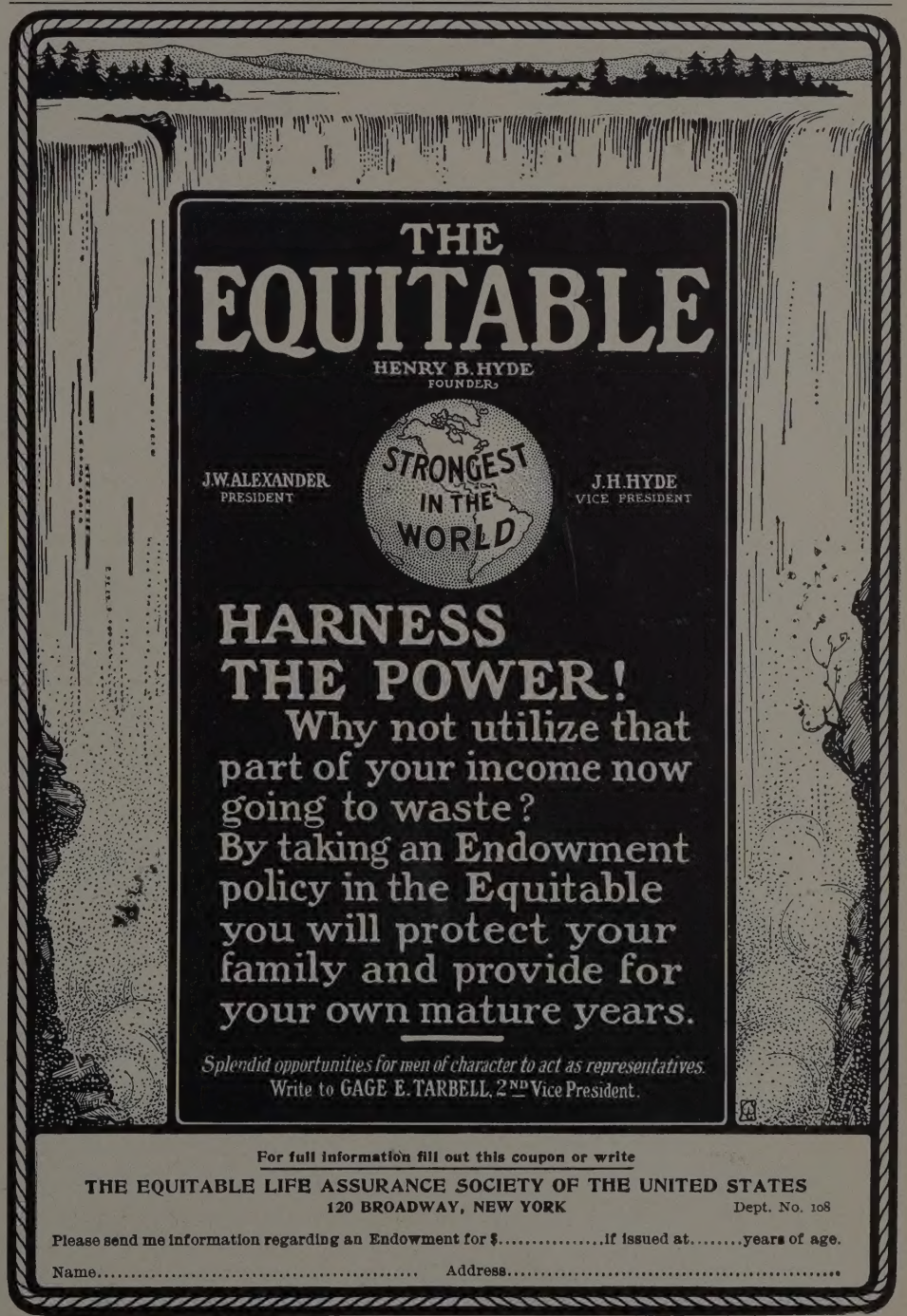
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(*Continued from page xiii.*)

the people go!' Stung by these taunts, Sir Charles, pointing to some of the most prominent of the 'booers,' said, 'If I have any friends in the gallery I call upon them to turn those fellows out.' Thereupon the tumult increased and there was much scuffling for some minutes, several gentlemen having left the stalls to help in throwing out the ringleaders. The uproar afterwards subsiding a little, Sir Charles proceeded: 'I want to assure those gentlemen I am quite willing to stand here as long as they please, provided I can make them understand that my objection to their behavior is based upon purely æsthetic grounds. I want to point out to these booers'—(voice, 'boors?')—'well, the terms are almost synonymous—that if they would only practice their art at home before looking-glasses they would never boo again, for they would discover a labial distortion engendered by booing which, I fear, they have hitherto failed to grasp. I would like to suggest, with all due respect to them, that there is protest open to them that would be just as effective.' ('That's not worthy of you, Sir Charles!' and 'Rather late in the evening, isn't it, for a lecture on "booing?"') 'I think not. I wish to record my protest—to render one thing as clear as I possibly can—namely, that in any theatre under my management I shall take all necessary precautions to protect ladies and gentlemen from any recurrence of the great'—a pause and then—'the great inconvenience to which they have been subjected to-night.' Sir Charles bowed, smiled, waved his hand, and the curtain fell.

"The following morning there was a police-court sequel. At the Marlborough Street Police Court, Guy Mitchell Smith, twenty-two, described as a clerk, was charged before Mr. Kennedy with behaving in a disorderly manner. Policeman Brett deposed that he was called upon to assist in ejecting the prisoner from the New Theatre, where he had been 'booing' at the play. As the defendant wanted to get back into the theatre, and would not go away, the witness took him into custody. The accused several times called Sir Charles Wyndham a 'rotter.'

"'Mr. Kennedy—What was he making a noise for?'

"'The Defendant—I did not like the play sir. I am very sorry, sir.'

"'Mr. Kennedy—The play seems to have been a very harmless one.'

"'Defendant—I'm very sorry.'

"Mr. Kennedy bound the defendant over in his own recognizances in the sum of $25 to keep the peace for six months.

"Numerous interviews with Sir Charles Wyndham on the occurrence have appeared in the papers. Sir Charles has expressed the conviction that the disturbance was organized. One of the rioters had confessed that he went to the play with the intention of creating disorder. Some of the rioters were quite well known. Sir Charles added that he was determined that there should be no repetition of the disorder at any theatre controlled by him. Apart from the attempt to wreck the play, the audience had to be considered. There must have been many nervous women in the theatre who were terrified by the uproar on Thursday. One lady who was in the stalls was greatly alarmed, and had to be taken home."

The most extraordinary feature of the whole affair, from the American point of view, is the absence of drastic action by the police. In this country, the theatre manager would merely have to telephone police headquarters to have the police reserves there and the gallery cleared with night sticks in no time.

A waggish lecturer at a lantern demonstration recently observed that he would conclude the entertainment with a living picture of the repaving of a London street, and he projected on the screen an ordinary slide showing a group of navvies.

"But they don't move!" objected one of the audience.

"Of course not!" retorted the lanternist. "That's what makes it so realistic!"

The THEATRE MAGAZINE is the only dramatic publication in America that gives pictures of all the new plays. For this reason alone its files are invaluable. It will pay you to subscribe. Only $3 a year.

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